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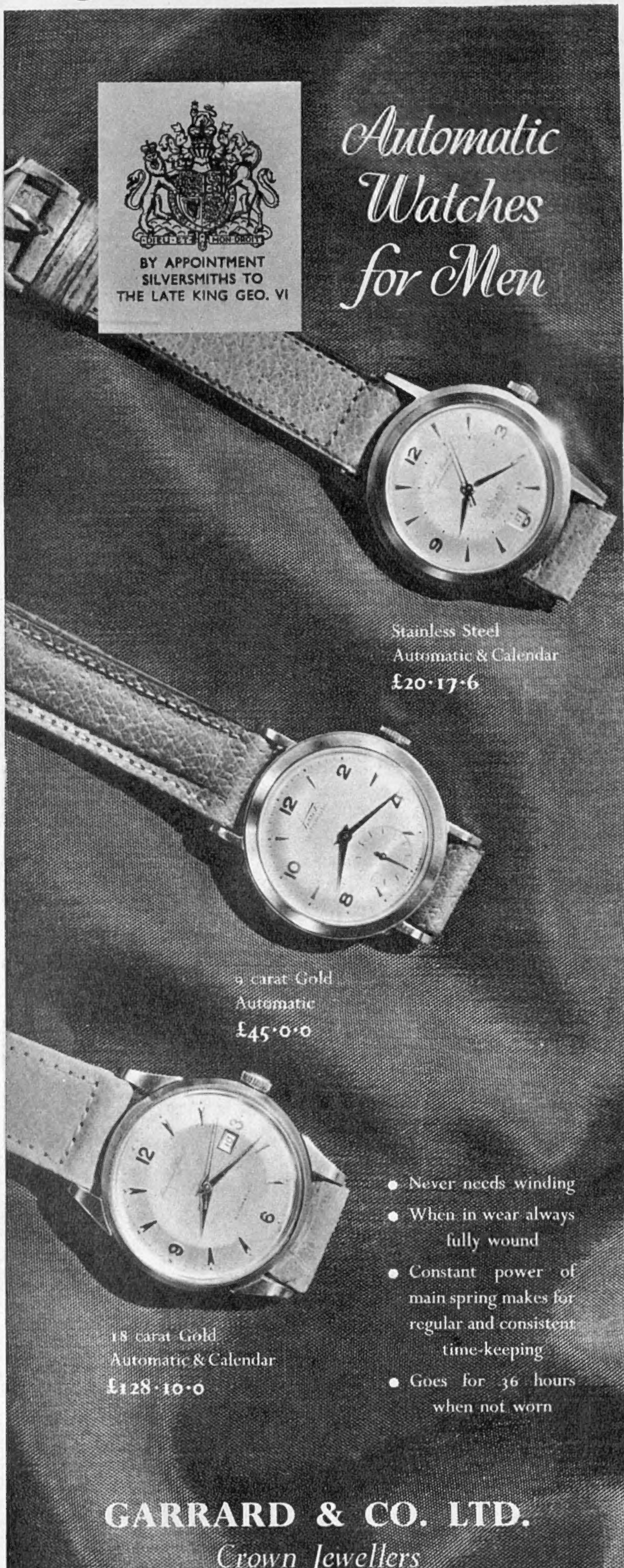

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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1954.

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ROYAL WIN AT ASCOT

In the King George VI. and the Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot on July 17th, the Queen's colt *Aureole* was an easy and immensely popular winner. Here her Majesty greets *Aureole* on his triumphant return with a "Well done!" pat on the nose, while the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and Captain Boyd-Rochfort, who trained the horse, share her delight.

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CROMER BEACH: To mark the imminence of Bank Holiday Monday we reproduce Robert Greenham's picture from this year's Academy. And we wish for our readers that the sun may shine, not at Cromer only, but everywhere in these islands, and scotch the usual Bank Holiday hoodoo.

Our Motley Notes

By TOBY O'BRIEN

WELL, *Gaudeamus*, I suppose, *igitur*. But in spite of charming hospitality, I must confess that I found my recent College "Gaudy" a little saddening. It was almost too eloquent a reminder of the passing of time.

Time, in some ways, seems to stand still in Oxford. There were the College servants looking just the same, though it shook one to be told by Dr. Barber, the Rector, that Stacey in the Lodge, who appears not to have changed in the least in the twenty-six years since he told a very shy young O'Brien where his rooms were, had just completed fifty years in the service of the College. There was my dear Professor Dawkins, who held a University chair on condition that he gave one lecture a year—"but not," as he used to chuckle, "every year." "The Dawk" was as lively and as amusing for all his eighty years as ever he was in the days when I indulged in the habit (or so he reminded me) of "beating up the dons," which meant "coming up to my rooms and drinking my whisky until the early hours of the morning."

The Hall was the same—lovely in the candlelight, but with chairs instead of benches as a solitary concession to middle-aged backs. But the majority of my contemporaries appear to have become either schoolmasters or clergymen. Those of the latter who were not wearing their dog-collars could be distinguished from the former by the fact that they said: "My goodness, you 've put on weight!" instead of the pedagogues' more forthright "My God, you 've put on weight!"—a wounding comment, but understandable, perhaps, if one recalls that the last time we met, twenty-three years ago, the writer of these notes weighed a bare nine-and-a-half stone!

What a wonderful dinner it was! I really believe that I have not tasted anything so admirably prepared, whether in this country or abroad, since or before the war, as that dinner. Dacre Balsdon, who combines being a don with writing the most amusing novels, told me that the chef read Proust and spent his afternoons at Parsons' Pleasure. Long may he continue to do both, if this is the secret of such true *haute cuisine*.

A FEW evenings later I was dining at Les Ambassadeurs—a club much frequented by American and other film-stars. The food, though madly expensive, is correspondingly good. At a large table, in a beige drape coat and crew cut, was a Transatlantic young gentleman, apparently of vast import in the film world, but whose name meant nothing to me at the time and has unfortunately escaped me now. Next to him was a blonde of generous proportions, whose jaws (they had long finished their dinner) were moving in an unmistakable rhythmic way. I summoned William, the *maître de restaurant*, and said: "William, do you see what I see? That lady is chewing gum." William registered polite Continental disbelief. Ten minutes later, however, I sent for William again, and said,

having observed the champing, chumping and facial contortions: " Even if you did serve tough steak—which you don't—it could not be so tough as all that!" William looked at the lady, shrugged his shoulders, and said: "*Alors, elle fait sa digestion!*" I am not going to try and translate it—and if you can't translate that, *chérie—allez prendre un sauté courant dans la Tamise!*

I think the two people who have appreciated this story most when I told it to them were General Sir Edward Spears and Colin Coote. Sir Edward has a rapier wit in both English and French, and Colin has, moreover, a gift for light verse which extends to both languages. A little while ago he gave a party, which inspired Walter Elliot to a ballade in English dedicated to Lady Pamela Berry, of refreshing and lively ingenuity. Colin promptly came back with a reply in French—and a French, moreover, which gained much of its sparkle from the Parisian *argot* which enlivened it.

Another admirable master of French, as you would imagine, is Colonel Maurice Buckmaster. Maurice, who was dining with me the other night, was, of course, the Director of the French side of S.O.E.'s co-operation with the *Maquis*. There is a street named after him in Montargis, not far from Orleans. The reason was this. He had a good group of agents and resistance people there, whose sabotage was so successful that there was no necessity for the R.A.F. to bomb the town. After the war, a "*Rue Colonel Maurice Buckmaster*" was so named by the grateful citizens. Last year, passing through the town, he happened to be held up in his car at the intersection where the name-plate appears. Two distinguished French ladies with lorgnettes stopped by his car and looked at the name-plate. One of them said: "*Qui est-ce donc ce Colonel Maurice Busmas-tair?*" Maurice leant out of his car and said: "*C'est moi, madame.*" The ladies started and hurried away.

TALKING of things French, I heard a delightful and, I am told, true story of a recent international scientific congress in Paris. The organisers had laid on the system of simultaneous translation into several languages which is such a fascinating—indeed, almost the only fascinating—feature of the United Nations building in New York. Some dreary British scientist was droning on and on. Said the man who was doing the French translation into his microphone: "My God, this man is a bore! Would you like me to tell you some funny stories instead? If so, nod your heads." All the people who were listening-in on the French circuit nodded. The dreary scientist and those not on the French circuit were astounded when, at the end of some peculiarly turgid passage, the people on the French circuit laughed and applauded wildly!

The other evening a famous interpreter told as having happened during the Geneva talks a week or two ago the story of one of the Chinese delegates who, when called upon to speak, delivered himself of a happy little oration lasting the best part of an hour. When the interpreter's turn came to speak, he stood up and said simply: "His Excellency, he say—no."

Which, incidentally, underlines my faith in the genealogy of stories. I first heard it some twenty years ago applied to Dr. Sze, for many years representative of China at the League of Nations, and I dare say it goes back further still.

RECENTLY I was faced with a small mathematical problem, which was, however, beyond the limited arithmetical powers of either my secretary or myself. On an inspiration I dialled that admirable organisation, "Finders," and got the answer within a few seconds, with a letter the following morning to confirm it. They do have some extremely odd requests. One recently caused a steeplejack to climb Big Ben. A member rang up to enquire, "What is the inscription on the face of Big Ben?" The Office of Works replied that it was an inscription in Latin—"*Domina salvam fac reginum Victoriam primam.*" The grammar of this, however, was so obviously wrong that even the failing classical memory of the Managing Director was offended. "What we have quoted," said Whitehall, "may or may not be bad Latin, but it is what is on Big Ben, unless, of course, the records and the guide-books and the official history of the House of Commons are wrong." In the end the Office of Works sent a steeplejack up the side of Big Ben with a pencil and paper. The Office of Works then rang back to admit that the Managing Director was right. The inscription read: "*Domina salvam fac reginam Victoriam primam.*" "The records, the guide-books and the official history for years," they admitted handsomely, "have quoted it wrong."

To only one request in recent years have "Finders" reluctantly not been able to accede. A gentleman wrote to them and said: "Could you please write me a letter on some sort of business paper, saying that I am urgently needed in Paris for the week-end? Sign it with a man's name, so that I can leave it lying about on the breakfast table." As I say, reluctantly—very reluctantly—they had to say "No." They felt distinct spoil-sports about it!

I AM a great believer in the telegram as a means of securing swift replies or prompt action. The other day an ex-directory telephone line I have had been reported as being out of order for three days without anything being done about it. I dictated a telegram over the telephone to the Postmaster-General, ending with the words: "Surely G.P.O. can do better than this." It could. First of all the telegram girl asked if we really wanted to send it. Within ten minutes we had the City supervisor—the G.P.O. comes under his wing—on the line, and the telephone itself was in working order within half an hour!

The other day a laundry van, passing through the square in which I live, ran into my car and scraped it from stem to stern. A telegram to the managing director of the firm brought a telephone reply within half an hour. I regret, however, that since then I have been unable to wring any further action, including the name of the driver, which is necessary for insurance, out of them. I have written to them, therefore, saying that their laundry, which I no longer use, used to need no more than three washes to fray a stiff collar. "But, damn me," I added, "if I see that this record gives you any excuse for fraying the paintwork of my motor-car as well."

Through a clerical error, I see that I made Lady Petrie, who was inaugurated as Mayor of Kensington recently, Mayoress. Female civic functionaries change their sex on being elected to this office. Indeed, it makes her husband, Sir Charles, the historian, the only bearded Mayoress in captivity.

1. *Oh What a Century It's Been!* Lady Stutfield (Pam Marmont), Mr. Cecil Graham (Tom Gill), Lady Plymdale (Lois Green) and Mr. Dumby (Denis Bowen) are walking in Hyde Park on a summer afternoon in 1892.

2. Lord and Lady Windermere (Peter Graves and Vanessa Lee). It is Lady Windermere's birthday. The sun is shining; she is in love with her husband, and he with her. That night she is to hold a ball.

3. Introducing Australian Mr. Hopper (Graham Payn). "*Who is on top down under?*" Mr. Graham asks him. But Mr. Hopper has his own family tree: his family swings in the branches.

"Sketch" Photo-Call

After the Ball

Noel Coward's musical version of *Lady Windermere's Fan* is at the Globe Theatre. In spite of a mixed critical reception, it continues to attract large and varied audiences. Indeed, a member of the editorial staff of this magazine found himself one night seated in front of two American G.I.s, who sat in stolid silence until almost the end of Act II., when Lord Darlington remarked, "*We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars.*" At this point, one G.I. turned to the other, and remarked: "How *about* that?"

Mr. Coward's contribution to *After the Ball* may be considered as an elaborate and very witty gloss upon the preposterous plot which, at one time, Wilde, Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones seemed to pass from hand to hand. While the stage is being set for Mrs. Erlynne's great gesture of self-sacrifice, a trio of sardonic ladies is singing, *Why Is It the Woman Who Pays?*

She will be hounded from Society,
And, going daffier and daffier,
She may achieve some local notoriety
By wearing sandals made of raffia—

a heart-cry one would not be surprised to hear from Paula Tanqueray. The same sort of comment occurs in "*Oh What a Century It's Been,*" which the ladies and gentlemen sing as the curtain rises on Act I., the green shade of Hyde Park in 1892 as Doris Zinkeisen sees it:

We simply worship Christina Rossetti,
And we're mad about Tennyson's "Maud."
We love to be up an apple-tree
With Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

Of the cast, some lend their talents principally to the gloss, some to the document, with Irene Browne as the Duchess of Berwick combining gloriously both the centuries by *reciting* a song called "*A Little Something on a Tray.*" The music is always delightful, and seemed suddenly, on a second hearing, memorable; we expect the sentimental songs to be played in teashops up and down the country for years to come. The production is by Robert Helpmann.

Photographed by Angus McBean.

Mary Ellis as Mrs. Erlynne, a woman not wholly bad.

6. Pam Marmont, Marion Grimaldi and Lois Green sing "*Why Is It the Woman Who Pays?*" How true that is! Mrs. Erlynne, discovering her daughter's intention—yes, *that* is Lord Windermere's innocent secret—determines to dissuade her from this tragic, foolish step.

8. Next morning. Mrs. Erlynne calls to return Lady Windermere's fan. She is leaving London: "*My heart is affected here,*" she says, and asks for a photograph. Lord Windermere disapproves—"*The woman is impossible.*"

4. The Duchess of Berwick (Irene Browne) tells Lady Windermere that her husband has been much seen at the house of a Mrs. Erlynne, who has become richer since knowing him.

5. Lord Windermere has invited Mrs. Erlynne (Mary Ellis) to the ball. "*If that woman crosses my threshold, I shall strike her,*" says his wife, but she cannot. Mrs. Erlynne makes a success, but Lady Windermere, overhearing her discussing the terms of a settlement with Lord Windermere, leaves to go to her would-be lover, Lord Darlington.

7. "*I am afraid I took your wife's fan in mistake for my own.*" The Second-Act Curtain! Mrs. Erlynne has been discovered in a man's rooms—at night: her name is tarnished for ever. Behind her, Lady Windermere, who is saved by this sudden self-revelation, slips unnoticed into the merciful night. Lord Darlington (Shamus Locke, at the extreme right) is rigid with astonished disapprobation; Lord Augustus (Donald Scott, at the extreme left), who was to marry Mrs. Erlynne, is heart-struck.

9. The Duchess has a musical party outside, so that nobody need listen to the music. "*I always engage a very loud band, so that people can talk as much as they like.*"

10. Mr. Hopper and Lady Agatha (Patricia Cree), the Duchess's daughter, have become engaged. Their dance together is one of the evening's most charming moments.

11. Mother and daughter say good-bye. And Mrs. Erlynne walks out of the play and into a draughty villa in the South of France.

Our Bookshelf

ELIZABETH BARRETT TO MISS MITFORD. Edited and introduced by Betty Miller. (*John Murray* ; 25s.)

SELECTED POEMS : WALTER DE LA MARE. Chosen by R. N. Green-Armytage. (*Faber and Faber Ltd.* ; 7s. 6d.)

THE VIEW FROM THE PARSONAGE. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. (*Cassell and Co. Ltd.* ; 10s. 6d.)

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

TO NEXT YEAR IN JERUSALEM.
By David Marcus. (*Macmillan and Co.* ; 12s. 6d.)

ME—LIKES AND DISLIKES.
By Naomi Jacob. (*Hutchinson* ; 15s.)

THE WHISPER IN THE GLOOM.
By Nicholas Blake. (*Collins* ; 10s. 6d.)

VENICE AND VENETIA.
By Edward Hutton. (*Hollis and Carter* ; 21s.)

Reviewed by G. B. Stern

JUST as the mind promptly associates King Alfred with burnt cakes, so we are apt to supply Elizabeth Barrett with a "*dearest Papa*" and append an address in Wimpole Street. Thus, in an altogether fascinating new, collection of her correspondence with Mary Mitford, ably assembled by Miss Betty Miller from the library of Wellesley College, Massachusetts, references to Mr. Barrett—"*dearest Papa in his abundant kindness*"—read faintly like a parody ; though later on, the outlook was more enlightened, though still filial : "*Dear Papa's wishes would be consulted more tenderly, if his commands were less straight and absolute.*"

In the matter of exacting fathers, indeed, both Elizabeth Barrett and Miss Mitford, well known in her time as the author of *Our Village*, were weighted with the same handicap, and, as the keen insight of their biographer has discovered—"*each derived from the position an identical satisfaction.*" Apart from that, one can perceive little resemblance in their natures to have drawn them so close together, unless it were an enjoyment of contemporary gossip; and it is not easy to understand how Elizabeth's exaggerated schoolgirl idolatry of this brave, chatty little woman, twenty years her senior, could emerge from the same box as her inherent wisdom and moderation. One can only conjecture that all her hyperbole, "*dear dearest Miss Mitford*" and the rest of it, was circumstantial ; wholly to be forgiven when we consider the narrow orbit of her existence, its result made evident by what one might almost call the unscrupulously rapid legerdemain by which she could substitute Robert Browning for that other friend whose visits, once so urgently solicited, have avowedly become a sad bore : "*Well !—and to-morrow morning Miss Mitford comes to spend the day . . . and I, not the least in the world glad to see her !*"—a remark spoken to Browning himself, which therefore cannot but strike us as a little shocking.

And what was Miss Mitford's view of her gifted junior ? "*I sit and think of you . . . until the vision is before me as vividly as ever a mother's heart hailed the eloquence of a patriot son.*" Yet dating from Browning's first romantic burst into Elizabeth's sheltered life, Miss Mitford had a pathetic premonition of robbery ; in fact, she disliked him, and mistrusted his possible influence on that sweet cheat who could so blandly reassure her : "*You and I differ about his genius—but a poet is something, after all. . . .* Poor, poor beloved-friend, what chance had she after the significant hour, occurring nine years before Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett were to gain immortality as "the Brownings," when Mr. Kenyon presented his cousin with a copy of *Paracelsus* and she tried to persuade Miss Mitford to agree that "*the author is a poet in the holy sense.*"

AND, indeed, how awed is our spontaneous reaction to the "holy sense" of a true poet, and to the mystery of how and by what strange summoning voices, unheard by our clay ears, he may be called away. Though in the flesh and on a first encounter many years ago, no man could have been more genial and human than Walter de la Mare ; nor have I quite forgiven the Perfect Hostess who most damnably wrenched us apart, four minutes after introducing us, with a playful : "Now then, you two have talked quite long enough !"

Obviously one would never dare *review* his poetry ; all one can really do is shiver and drown in it, or perhaps, just before drowning, haul oneself out with a plaintive "*Poor Tom's a-cold. . . .*" In this recent volume of *Selected Poems*, the very titles proclaim the rare forlorn quality of his evocations ; and a sweet, wild, crazy lyric might be assembled merely from the index of his first lines ! In him, compassion is made vocal ; and by this same "Open Sesame," has allowed him to penetrate into the soul of all living things. His choice of subject, freakish and unexpected, gives us a vicarious share in the latent power of Blondin the rope-walker as he crosses Niagara with "*clinging, dainty, cat-like tread,*" or in the panic of an earwig attempting to escape from its "*circumambulation drear*" around a vase's rim. A thousand such imaginative experiences are shaped into lines of invariable beauty and economy, such as the very essence of mistletoe, dim-berried "*with globes of sheenless grey*" ; while in *Memory* (a longer poem, new to many of us) over and over again he sets down his clear definition of the undefinable.

Walter de la Mare has always been partial to a spot of madness in his method—"*Who said Peacock Pie ?*"—yet none can dispute his claim, also, to a high order of merit awarded for sanity : "*Look thy last on all things lovely, every hour*"—a modern handbook on How to Fill Your Life for Twenty-five Hours a Day could hardly contain instruction more sound, more sad. Finally, in *The Old Author* he sums up the numerals of achievement on the slate of humility—(*Hassan* appears somehow to have broken loose in me)—and in the very spirit of St. Thomas Aquinas discovering that all he had written hitherto had been as straw—

> The End, *he scrawled, and blotted it. . . .*
> *. . . He frowned ; then sighed :*
> *"And everything left unsaid !"*

IT was truly by inspiration that Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith has presented her latest novel from the vantage, actual as well as symbolic, of the Reverend Harry Chamberlin during his years on the Isle of Ebony between 1892 and the outbreak of the 1914 War. For he emerges as a lovable character, interested in all that comes within range of what was then almost a completely isolated parish, water-bound. The Squire of Palster Manor, Adam Cryall, is his oldest friend among the Men of the Marsh, a steadfast rationalist who brought up his two daughters with no live impulse to God or goodness except in cold ethics. The Reverend Harry, who had taken a deep interest in both girls since their childhood, has the tolerance of a man but no saint, which is to say that he can "take it" so far but no further . . . glad for her sake when Blanche ultimately finds her answer in Roman Catholicism, yet unable to accept her last withdrawal into an enclosed Sisterhood. As for Lindsay, also in desperate need of a clear spiritual chart, she gradually exhibits herself as that most provocative of types, an exhibitionist and a potential liar, with mediumistic gifts, and self-knowledge continually on the wane.

Miss Kaye-Smith is entitled to write about different versions of Christianity as practised in England, extracting from every half-truth the essential truth contained for fair and final integration, because she really has studied their structure and contents. Here, in *The View from the Parsonage*, she has assembled an interdependent group of families and friends, their interests and egos all at loggerheads ; while her sudden down-to-earth humour has the disconcerting charm that—it is rumoured—children get from sliding downstairs on a tea-tray and bumping at the bottom.

ANGRAVE'S ALPHABET

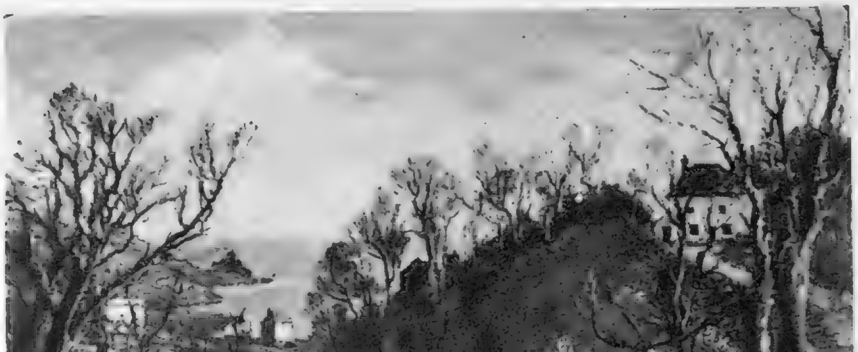
O for Odour

(*A reciter of Odes*)

Specially drawn for "THE SKETCH" by Anton.

"HAVE YOU ANYTHING FOR SECOND CHILDHOOD?"

THE BEVIS TREE OF ARUNDEL : By R. O. Dunlop, R.A.



A GLIMPSE OF THE COVE, LAMORNA : By S. J. Lamorna Birch, R.A.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY:

BRETON MUSICIAN

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NATIONAL PARK : By Claude Harrison.

MARY : By Dame Laura Knight, R.A.

OUTDOOR PAINTINGS

Mary Fedden.

The Royal Academy Illustrated."

Royal Aero Club Rally

Lovely, little-known la Baule, on France's Côte Grande, was the scene of the Royal Aero Club's Rally on July 10th and 11th. Thirty-six aircraft braved rather sticky weather conditions to attend, and in all, some 130 visitors flew over from England to be guests of Mme. François André, wife of the famous hotel and casino owner, at the luxurious Hermitage Hotel. Festivities included a reception at the Airport, dinner at l'Hermitage on the Saturday, a midday cocktail party at Ker Causette on Sunday, and a dinner-party at the Casino that night. A tendency to rain and lowering skies "helped make the English feel at home," as one Rally member said, but the weather did nothing to dull the effect of that traditional warmth and generosity which combines in the phrase "Gallic hospitality."

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Frank Butters.

First-prize winner in the "Beautiful Legs" contest: Mrs. Hurt, an American visitor promptly dubbed "the long-stemmed American Beauty" by one rose-loving Frenchman!

Quite the loveliest girl in the Rally was Miss Jean Presland, second-prize winner in the contest, which was held during a cocktail party at the Ker Causette on the Sunday.

Lining up to watch the other entries were contestants Mrs. Sutton, Mrs. Hurt and Miss Presland, who flew from England, and two pretty local girls.

Enthusiastic judges were Mr. Edgar Percival, Air-Commodore Selway, Commander Bishop, Colonel R. L. Preston, Mr. Kenneth Davies (Royal Aero Club Chairman), Mr. Rein Uges, Mr. Arnold Wilson and M. Droz.

Count Mohl, Commander Bishop, British Consul in Nantes, Countess Mohl, Mrs. Selway, Air-Commodore Selway, British Air Attaché in Paris, and Mrs. Bishop.

This kilted Scot delighted French spectators when he was forcibly "entered" as a contestant, and submitted with good grace.

Our Social Diary

Royal Garden Party

THE Queen, with the Duke of Edinburgh, held the first Royal Garden Party of the season in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, and the Queen Mother, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal, and other members of the Royal Family were also present. The Prime Minister and Lady Churchill were among the guests, who included many visitors from overseas and the Commonwealth.

Fortunately the weather kept fine, and the Queen, looking lovely in a yellow dress and matching hat with a star-shaped crown, and the Duke of Edinburgh and other members of the Royal Family, strolled on the lawns among the guests, many of whom had the honour of being presented.

The Countess of Harewood, accompanied by the Earl, was looking very pretty in yellow, and a small hat trimmed with pale pink chrysanthemums. Others I saw during the afternoon included the Earl and Countess of Carlisle, the Earl and Countess of Selkirk, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, Lord Digby, the Hon. Rosalind Bruce with her father, Lord Aberdare, Mr. Mark and Lady Elizabeth Longman and Lord and Lady Hamilton of Dalzell with their daughter Janet.

King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth Stakes

TO the roar of cheers from a wildly enthusiastic crowd of racegoers, the Queen's colt *Aureole* won the King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot. There can seldom have been worse weather conditions prevailing on an afternoon in July, and the first two races were run in pouring rain. Before the big race, the Queen, wearing a pale yellow mackintosh cape over a grey suit which had revers of yellow stripe matching her hat, was escorted by the Duke of Norfolk to the paddock for the parade. Her Majesty was also accompanied by the Queen Mother, wearing a mushroom-coloured coat and hat, Princess Margaret, who was in navy with a white hat, and the Princess Royal. Royal visitors from Holland were Prince Bernhard, with his two young daughters, Princess Beatrix and Princess Irene. Prince Bernhard is over here on a private visit and took part on the following afternoon in the dressage tests of the International Horse Show.

There was an anxious moment before the start of the race when *Aureole* temporarily unseated his jockey, E. Smith, but by the time the mile post had been reached, this truly wonderful horse (the first four-year-old to win the race) had taken the lead, and won by three-quarters of a length from Madame Volterra's *Vamos*—the only horse that ever looked like constituting a danger. *Darius*, one of the most consistent of this year's three-year-olds, and owned by Sir Percy Loraine, was third. After the race, the Queen, with the other members of the Royal Family, went to the unsaddling enclosure, and after *Aureole* had been led in, congratulated E. Smith and the trainer, Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort.

Among those I saw in the private stand were Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, Lord and Lady Ashcombe, Viscount and Viscountess Ednam, the Earl and Countess of Northesk, and Sir Eric Mieville. Two of the prettiest women were Mrs. John Ward, who wore a very smart black-and-white check mackintosh, and Mrs. Frank More O'Ferrall, who wore a long blue velvet coat and pink hat.

The Prime Minister, accompanied by his son-in-law, Mr. Christopher Soames, watched the race from the Jockey Club stand, and saw his own horse *Prince Arthur* run in the last race. The Hon. Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort was there to share her husband's triumph on this great day.

ROYAL GARDEN PARTY. The Queen, with the Earl of Scarbrough in attendance, shakes hands with two guests at the first of the two Royal Garden Parties this season. An account appears on this page.

Royal Guests at Wedding

THE Queen, the Queen Mother, and Princess Margaret were guests at the reception after the wedding of Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton to Mr. Adrian Bailey at St. James's, Spanish Place. The church was beautifully decorated with regalia lilies, pale pink roses, white dahlias, carnations, and sweet peas, and garlands of these flowers with silver palm leaves were entwined round the columns of the centre nave. The ushers included Viscount Melgund and his brother, the Hon. Dominic Elliot, cousins of the bride, the bridegroom's two uncles, Mr. Ian Bailey and Mr. Alan Robertson, Lord Plunket and his two brothers, the Hon. Robin and the Hon. Shaun Plunket, Mr. Nicholas Eden, and Mr. George Pinckney.

The bride, who was given away by her father, the Earl of Haddington, looked a dream of loveliness in a pure white organza dress, the full skirt of which was embroidered and fell into sweeping folds at the back, forming a train. Her tulle veil was surmounted with a coronet of white gardenias, and she wore a three-strand pearl necklace, pearl and diamond earrings, and carried an ivory-covered prayer book with a trailing spray of white tuberoses and stephanotis. The very youthful bridal attendants, Christopher Clark, a cousin of the bride, Struan Wilson, Michael Warrender, Peter Howard-Johnson, and Davina, Sarah, and Emma Chetwode, cousins of the bride, and Linda Bailey, cousin of the bridegroom, looked enchanting dressed in Kate Greenaway style. The girls were in white organza dresses with green flowered stripes and carried baskets of flowers, and the boys wore apple-green suits and carried straw hats.

The marriage service was conducted by Father Patrick Casey and Father Edward Quigley, and the address was given by Father Joseph Christie, S.J. A fanfare and prelude to the bride's entry and a wedding march were especially composed and dedicated to her by John Vallier. The bridegroom's younger brother, Mr. David Bailey, acted as best man.

At Hutchinson House, where the reception was held, the Queen, wearing pink, with a matching hat, was received at the entrance by the Earl and Countess of Haddington, and the bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Bailey. Inside the entrance a bower of yellow roses had been arranged and here Her Majesty was welcomed by the young couple. The Queen Mother, in a white lilac-printed dress, and Princess Margaret, in a white dress patterned with roses, arrived shortly afterwards.

Guests were received upstairs by Lord and Lady Haddington, the latter in pink lace with a matching straw hat trimmed with osprey feathers, and Mr. Graham Bailey with his wife, who wore a white dress and floral hat. The lovely bride and her very good-looking young husband stood for a long time receiving the congratulations of the many guests, and, I felt, possibly envied their young attendants who were enjoying tea with their nannies at a table near by! A very young guest was the baby son of Viscount and Viscountess Melgund whom

(Continued overleaf)

(Photo.: Fayer.)

ROYAL GUESTS. The Queen, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret at the reception after the wedding of Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton and Mr. Adrian Bailey. Also in the picture are the Earl and Countess of Haddington, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Bailey with their younger son, Mr. David Bailey, who was best man, and the young bridal attendants.

Our Social Diary (contd.)

I saw in the arms of his mother while she talked with Princess Margaret. Commander and Mrs. Heywood-Lonsdale were among the guests presented to the Queen.

Lord Binning, schoolboy brother of the bride, the Earl and Countess of Minto, and their two married daughters, Lady Bridget Garnet and Lady Willa Chetwode, with their husbands, were among the bride's relatives at the wedding. Relatives of the bridegroom included Sir Leonard and Lady Ropner with their daughters, Merle and Virginia, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Cannon and their daughter, Tessa, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Duthy with their débutante daughter, Fiona, and Mr. and Mrs. Barnard Hankey.

Among the guests were the Earl and Countess of Leicester with their daughters, Lady Anne and Lady Carey Coke, the Countess of Hardwicke with Lady Amabel Yorke, her daughter, and her sister, Lady McEwen, the Countess of Selkirk, Viscountess Waverley, Lady Tweedsmuir, and Lord Courtauld. Lady Joan Gore-Langton with her mother, Doreen, Marchioness of Linlithgow, Major the Hon. Henry and Mrs. Allsopp, Lady Birley, who looked very attractive in navy blue. Mrs. Berkeley Stafford with her daughter, the Hon. Caroline Grenfell, Lady Legh, Mr. and Mrs. George Munro-Kerr, Mrs. Patrick Buchan-Hepburn, and Lady Ingleby-Mackenzie were among the many other guests I saw.

The bride went away wearing a white pleated skirt with a tailored jacket and a white straw hat. The honeymoon is being spent in Italy, the South of France, and Germany.

BRIDAL ATTENDANTS. A charming picture of the children who were bridal attendants in their Kate Greenaway costumes.

THE QUEEN arrives at Hutchinson House for the wedding reception, and is being welcomed by the Countess of Haddington. Her Majesty received a great ovation from the waiting crowd.

BRIDAL COUPLE. Mr. Adrian Bailey with his bride, the former Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton, arrive at Hutchinson House.

Regency Exhibition

BEING one of the innumerable people for whom the Regency period holds an especial fascination, I was delighted to receive an invitation for the opening of the fifth annual Regency Exhibition at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton.

Alderman Nicholls, chairman of the committee, held, with his wife, a Civic Luncheon in the Pavilion beforehand. The guests included Earl and Countess Spencer, the Countess of Bessborough, Viscount and Viscountess Mersey, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Musgrave, and both Members of Parliament for Brighton, Mr. William Teeling and Mr. Howard Johnson. After an excellent lunch we adjourned to the Music Room for the formal opening by Earl Spencer.

One of the finest features of the present exhibition is the silver-gilt plate of the Regency period lent by Her Majesty the Queen, Earl Spencer, and the Marquess of Londonderry, which is set out in the Banqueting Room, one of the most beautiful rooms in the Pavilion. I was also very interested in the restoration of the wall decoration in the main corridor, which is now emerging in all its former brightness and beauty of colouring.

I have insufficient space to write of all the many things of interest and beauty to be seen, but Mr. Clifford Musgrave undoubtedly deserves the tributes he was paid in the speeches by Lord Spencer and Alderman Nicholls for his work in connection with restoring the Royal Pavilion to its former glories.

Children's Dancing Matinée

SINCE the year 1949, Miss Violet Ballantine has organised a dancing matinée with her youthful pupils in aid of The League of Pity, which is the junior branch of the N.S.P.C.C. Held this year at the Adelphi Theatre, the matinée was an unqualified success and raised the wonderful sum of £1,094 clear profit for the League.

Among the children taking part, Julia Merivale, Charlotte Donaldson-Hudson and Shirley Gregg, the talented little daughter of Zoë Gail, were exceptionally good. The very pretty costumes were designed by the Hon. Mrs. Richard Denison-Pender, whose daughter, Linda, also took part in the performance. Many parents and relatives of the children were at the matinée, including the Earl and Countess of Mansfield, whose elder daughter, Lady Malvina Murray, was among the young girls selling programmes, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Parker-Bowles, Mrs. Donaldson-Hudson, Mrs. John Buckley, and Viscount and Viscountess Bearsted.

Foyle's Luncheon

ONE of the most entertaining of Foyle's literary luncheons was the one given to celebrate the publication of Mr. Randolph Churchill's book *Fifteen Famous English Homes*. Mr. Somerset de Chair, who acted as chairman, Mr. Randolph Churchill, Lieut.-Commander George Marten, and Dr. A. L. Rowse were the speakers, and individually made extremely good and at times very amusing speeches. As the central figure in the Crichel Down story, Commander Marten spoke with great feeling and sincerity on the dangers of bureaucracy in this day and age. Both Mrs. Marten and Mrs. Churchill were at the luncheon and other guests included the Earl and Countess of Carlisle, Lord Dunsany, Major-General Sir Edward Spears, Sir Robert Boothby, Lord Stanley of Alderley, and Air Vice-Marshal the Earl of Bandon.

Party at the Stoll Theatre

Miss Barbara Smith receives Lady Elizabeth Clyde, one of the guests, with her godparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Galvin.

Miss Jennifer Constable-Maxwell, Viscountess Ikerrin, their mother, Mrs. David Constable-Maxwell, and Viscount Ikerrin.

Miss Rosemary Loring, Mr. Michael Haslam, Miss Beverley Snyder and Mr. Bayley Laurie sitting out in one of the boxes.

Dance at the Stoll Theatre

ONE almost felt that a magic wand had been waved to effect the transformation at the Stoll Theatre where a dance was given by Mr. Stanley Smith for his daughter, Barbara. A dance floor had been built over the stalls right up to the stage, where realistic bubbles floated across a constantly changing underwater fantasy. The upper part of the auditorium was completely concealed by a tented canopy of blue silk, which hung down to the first tier of boxes. This and the ground tier were decked with flowers, and hung with fringe-edged blue draping, interposed with white Prince of Wales feathers. White birds were suspended from the canopy, in the centre of which hung a magnificent crystal chandelier. This very clever and original *décor* had been done by Mr. Kenneth Villiers, whom I met during the evening.

For the dance, Barbara wore a very pretty dress of pale pink lace over tulle and, as her father was abroad, she received the guests with her godparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Galvin. I have seldom seen so many pretty girls and lovely women as there were on this very gay evening. Outstanding among them were, I thought, Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham, in a white crinoline dress, and Lady Caroline Somerset, also in white and wearing her hair dressed in a chignon entwined with pearls. In the vine-decked supper room I saw the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke and their daughter, Lady Amabel Yorke, Sir Anthony and Lady Doughty-Tichborne, Mr. Esmond Baring, whose daughter Caroline was also at the dance, Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Campbell, Mrs. Rufus Clarke, and Sir Henry and Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid.

Among the dancers were the Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford, Lord and Lady Ogilvy, Mr. Ian and Lady Caroline Gilmour, and the Maharajah of Jaipur and his lovely wife. Other guests included Viscount and Viscountess Norwich, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Legge, the Hon. Anthony Berry whose engagement to the Hon. Mary Roche was announced the next day, and Miss Caroline York, whose mother, Mrs. Christopher York, had given a very enjoyable small cocktail party for young people to which I had been earlier in the evening. The dance continued until the early hours and is one which will be long remembered by all who were there.

Paris Salon Presentations

THE presentation of prizes, however deserving the cause, can sometimes be a little dull. This was certainly not the case when H.E. the French Ambassador presented the awards at Bourlet's to the British artists who had submitted their work this year to the Paris Salon.

Lord Webb-Johnson introduced M. Massigli to the assembled gathering and both spoke with great charm and touches of delightful humour. After the awards had been given, M. Chataigneau, Commissaire-Générale of the Salon, spoke in French of the cordial relations which had long existed between our two countries, and said how much the Salon welcomed works by British artists.

Among the fifteen artists who were awarded prizes were Mr. John Cole, who won a Gold Medal, Mr. Maurice Codner, who won a Silver Medal for his portrait of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Miss Margaret Wrightson, who received an award for sculpture, and Mr. Richard Marientreu, whose portraits have often been reproduced in our issues.

Forthcoming Events

PRINCESS MARIE-LOUISE was present at the first committee meeting of the "500" Ball which is to be held at Claridges on Friday, November 26th, in aid of the British Rheumatic Association. Her Royal Highness announced that the Duchess of Kent and her daughter, Princess Alexandra, have kindly consented to attend the Ball. Tickets may be obtained from the Secretary, The British Rheumatic Association, 11, Beaumont Street, W.1.

Helena

"The Sketch"

ASTLEY—COATES : At Caxton Hall on July 7th: Mrs. Catherine Coates, of Knightsbridge, to Major the Hon. Edward Astley, of Seaton Delaval, Northumberland, and Southern Rhodesia, only son of Lord Hastings.

WEATHLEY—RIBEIRO : At Kensington Chapel on July 7th: Senorita Selina Ribeiro, of Rio de Janeiro, to Mr. Derek Weathley, an announcer on the B.B.C. who lived in Rio de Janeiro for several years.

LIEGEOIS—COLVILLE : At Lapworth Church on July 10th: Miss Elizabeth Colville, daughter of Mrs. G. M. Colville, of Gatesby House, Lapworth, to Mr. Harry Liegeois, son of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McDonald Liegeois, of Croydon. A reception for more than a hundred guests was held at the bride's home.

ITKIN—FAND : At Golders Green Synagogue on July 11th: Miss Tamara Fand, to Mr. Stanley Itkin, at twenty-seven reputed to be the youngest publisher in Fleet Street.

SHOTT—POWER : At Lapworth Church on July 10th: Miss Tanis Power, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Power of Lapworth, to Mr. David Shott, son of Mr. P. Shott, of Edgbaston.

FFRENCH - CONSTANT — CAMPBELL : At Holy Trinity Church, Pitlochry, on July 17th: Miss Graeme Diana Campbell, House of Urrard, Killiecrankie, to Dr. Paul ffrench-Constant, of Cornwall.

NASH—NORTHCOTT : In Sydney, Australia, on July 8th: Miss Elizabeth Northcott, daughter of Lieut.-General Sir John Northcott, Governor of New South Wales, to Squadron-Leader Russell Nash. At Government House, Sydney: the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. H. Gagg, the bride and groom, Mrs. Donald Coburn, Matron of Honour, and Sir John Northcott.

VANDELEUR—TOMKIN : At St. Michael's, Chester Square, on July 12th: Miss Iona Tomkin to Mr. David Vandeleur, who is a Lieutenant in the King's Troop of the Royal Horse Artillery. Here, the couple pass under the swords of the guard of honour of R.H.A. officers who are wearing full-dress uniform.

Wedding Album

TENNANT—STOCKDALE : At Holy Trinity, Brompton, on July 12th : Miss Rosemary Stockdale, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. H. C. M. Stockdale, of Mears Ashby Hall, Northampton, and niece of Lord Faringdon, to Mr. Anthony Tennant, son of Mr. John Tennant, of Wittersham, Kent, and Lady Radcliffe, of Hampstead.

WHITCOMBE—COLVILLE : At Christ Church, Lanark, on July 15th : the Hon. Rosemary Colville, daughter of Lord and Lady Clydesmuir, of Braidwood House, Braidwood, Lanarkshire, to Mr. Philip Arthur Whitcombe, son of Major-General and Mrs. P. S. Whitcombe, of Salisbury. The wedding reception was held at the home of the bride, whose father, standing beside the bridegroom in this picture, is Lord Lieutenant of the County of Lanark.

JYMPSON — HEMSWORTH : At St. Thomas's Church, Hanwell, Middlesex, on July 18th : Miss Maureen Hemsworth to Mr. John Jympson. Bride and groom work together at Ealing Film Studios.

LAMB—JARVIS : At St. Margaret's, Westminster, on July 17th : Miss Jean Jarvis, of New Cross, to Mr. Roy Lamb, of Dulwich. Even the much-maligned English summer usually provides sunshine for July brides, but on this occasion the weather was reminiscent of March, and here a guest offers help in a difficult situation, as the bride and her groom, who was a chorister at St. Margaret's for five years before the war, pose for the photographer.

COOPER—JOB : At St. Michael's, Chester Square, on June 26th : Miss Jennifer Job, daughter of the Hon. R. B. Job, of St. John's, Newfoundland, to Mr. Paul Cooper, son of Colonel and Mrs. Cooper, of Henley-on-Thames. The bride was attended by Miss Linda Milling, Miss Diane Crosbie and little Sarah Bull, and the bridegroom's brother, Mr. Michael Cooper, was best man. The wedding reception was held at the Hyde Park Hotel.

ANDREYEV—HUDDLESTON : At the chapel of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, on July 16th : Miss Pamela Huddleston, daughter of Lady Huddleston, to Dr. Nikolay Andreyev, of Cambridge.

AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN

The Scene was Changed

I READ *Pericles, Prince of Tyre,* long before anyone tried to tell me what, or what not, to read in Shakespeare. (And happily so; the best way to venture upon that majestic ocean is to sail without chart or pilot, to read and discover for oneself.) Certainly—at what may no longer be called a tender age—domestic Authority would not have allowed me to try my luck with *Pericles* and its fourth act at Mytilene.

The play attracted me because, in my edition, it was segregated at the end of the book. It lacked First Folio status, First Eleven colours, and (though I was not aware of the reason for this cold-shouldering), it had my sympathy at once. I read it on a bearskin rug and found it—not the rug—high-romantic: a glorious tissue of legend that covered the most delightfully-named and quite improbable spots: Tyre, Tarsus, Pentapolis, Mytilene. And there was a final reunion brought about by a goddess in an Ephesian temple. Great is Diana of the Ephesians!

All told, fine, mixed reading. My mother used to recite to me a poem with the recurrent line, "*The scene was changed*"; and, in writing *Pericles,* Shakespeare appeared to have gone all the way. I appreciated, too, the princess who was hurled into the sea during a storm, and revived by a charming physician with soft lights and sweet music. I was so used to extraordinary riddles in romantic legend that the early riddle of Antiochus seemed to be fully in the tradition (though, mercifully, I had not the remotest idea what it meant). As for the goings-on in Mytilene which, no doubt, sent Dr. Bowdler into a paroxysm, they were to me no more than the old story of a heroine in the power of wicked imps. I was a very good customer for *Pericles;* and ever since, though time has added a little to my knowledge of the play, I have remained a good customer.

It returns to the stage more frequently than one would think. Douglas Seale has now produced it at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre with quite astonishing effect. The dull passages—mainly in the early acts—can flash up in the mind when they are spoken swiftly and with conviction; and this happened at Birmingham. One realised again that *Pericles,* for all its apparent shred-and-patch composition, can hold us as a narrative. "We 'll tell you a story," say Shakespeare and (presumably) George Wilkins. They do; and, believe me, it is often a good story, one that shines suddenly into noble verse and that has also a clear and direct pathos in the reunion of Marina and her father, and the later reunion with Thaisa. And we need not be too dubious about the poorer scenes when such lines as these glint like mica in a pebble:—

Copp'd hills towards heaven,
The blind mole casts to tell the earth is throng'd
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for 't.

Good enough, even for a romantic piece jammed into the "boot" of the Collected Plays. (It is all right now; you find it in its correct chronological order.)

Douglas Seale swept the play along in the simplest imaginable permanent set (Paul Shelving's); Gower, the Chorus, declaimed (and sung now and then) by Bernard Hepton, was not the insufferably querulous old man he is sometimes—one would willingly have had Mr. Hepton to tea—and the players knew that the first task in presenting Shakespeare is to speak it well. If a Shakespeare play is not well spoken, it is of no use in the world to chat knowingly about *décor,* stage business, and all the rest of it. The word comes first. Botch the verse, and the play sinks. The Birmingham *Pericles* never came near to a botch.

ANYBODY AT HOME? Brian Reece (P.C. 49 of the Radio) prepares to *Meet a Body* at the Duke of York's Theatre. The play opened on July 21st, and the cast includes Joy Shelton and Julien Mitchell.

Richard Pasco may still be too obviously eager to ransack the verse; but that is far better than to mumble it away shamefacedly, to depend upon a handsome mask and a useful torso. I admired this Pericles: and in Doreen Aris (the Marina, grave blossom) and Eleanore Bryan (Thaisa), the Repertory has actresses to grace any cast. Moreover, the Midlands are lucky indeed to have seen the lovely vision of Diana, "*goddess argentine,*" standing in the light that wavered and streamed about her above Pericles asleep.

THAT was one rare play in Warwickshire. The other, *Troilus and Cressida,* I heard at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, the last play of the five in the Stratford-upon-Avon season. Glen Byam Shaw must have had a few nights' insomnia when he considered the text. It is a fantastically difficult play, a mixture of harshness (rather, a fierce blasting of love and honour) and an ever-fresh splendour of phrase. Here are the great names of the Iliad; here is the Phrygian plain; here is Troy of the towers; here, for a moment, is Helen herself. It is the gold of myth; Shakespeare seemed resolved to reduce it to base metal. But he could not help writing speeches that are some of the wisest in the Folio, and others that are among the most passionate and beautiful. Once you come to *Troilus,* it is with you for ever—and not merely as a household pet in the *Pericles* manner. Open *Troilus,* and you strike such passages as these (I take three at a venture): "*When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy, And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up*"; "*Heel the high lavolt*"; "*Like a dew-drop from the lion's mane, be shook to air.*"

Alas, all three phrases, and too many others, are now shaken into air. The trouble with the year's Stratford season is its speaking. In *Troilus* the standard is mediocre; it is better, having congratulated Leo McKern on his Ulysses, William Devlin (most potent speaker in the cast) on his Agamemnon, and Keith Michell on his good shot at Achilles, to remain silent. Even so, one has to mention a few of the leading parts. Muriel Pavlow is an intelligent Cressida, without approaching the wanton (all the while I was remembering how Pamela Brown, then a girl of seventeen, lisped and pouted her "*Woeful Cwessid 'mong the mewwy Gweeks*" during the season of 1936). Laurence Harvey looks like Troilus and speaks like Mr. Harvey which is, alas, by no means the same thing. And Anthony Quayle, who was a very fine Hector in 1948, now insists on playing Pandarus, the go-between, and coating him in a paste of careful mannerism: Quayle, let us say, in the wrong kind of aspic.

When all is done, we return to Mr. Shaw. He has solved superbly the awkward problems of production. If he had a cast that could express the play, then this *Troilus* would be safe in the records of the Memorial. As it is, no one will forget Malcolm Pride's setting of the tented plains of windy Troy as they stretch away to the far water and the long ships that brought the Greeks to their fight for Sparta's Queen:

Royal Troy, sage Priam's town,
Greaved Hector's Troy is down;
Those loyal lips are dumb,
Dimmed now that sovereign sight,
Perished all joy . . .

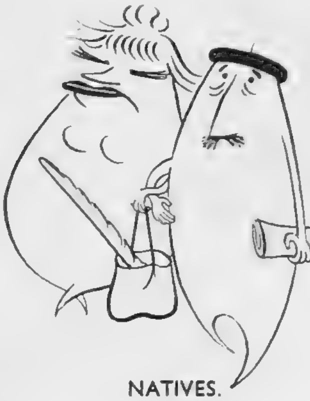
FOR the rest, the scenes must be changed very quickly: *Salome* (St. Martin's), Wilde's turgid bombast, with a commanding actor in Frank Thring who deserves a better part; the Cambridge Footlights revue, *Out of the Blue* (Phœnix Theatre), with its ram-you-Cam-you puns, and general cheer; and a second edition of *Cockles and Champagne* (Saville), shorter and sweeter.

SOME PARIS TYPES

Sketched by Jensen

10% TIP.

HONEY MOON ?



NATIVES.

" HAVING WONDERFUL TIME . . ."

MARKET DAY.

PEANUT VENDOR.

GARÇON.

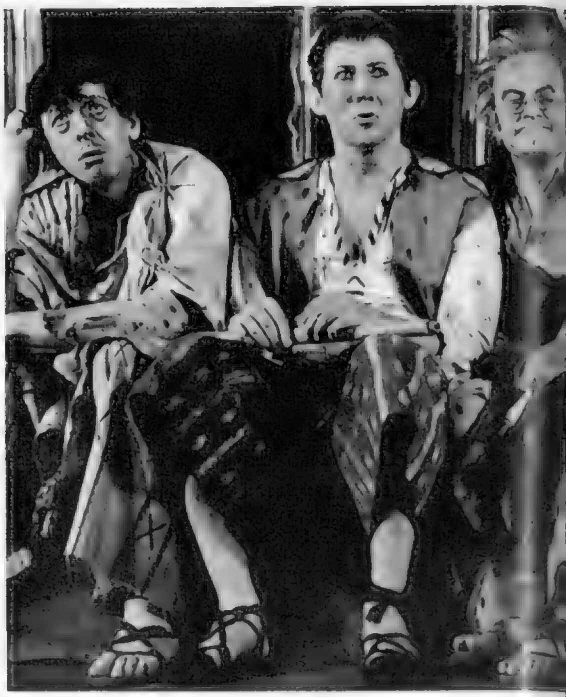
ART STUDENT.

LEFT BANK BOOKSELLER.

GENDARME—PONT NEUF.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.—Troilus (Laurence Harvey ; *left*) has been giddy ; expectation has whirled him round. Now, at last, when he meets Cressida (Muriel Pavlow) in her uncle's orchard within the walls of Troy, he can say, simply : "*You have bereft me of all words.*" Pandarus (Anthony Quayle ; *centre*) is lifting Cressida's veil.

OTHELLO.—Othello (Anthony Quayle ; *left*) greets his wife Desdemona, "*my fair warrior*" (Barbara Jefford), at Cyprus. "*It gives me wonder,*" he cries, "*great as my content, to see you here before me.*" Iago's wife, Emelia (Joan McArthur) stands at the back, and Cassio (Tony Britton) watches on the right.



A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—Peter Quince's
the world will the performance of *Pyramus and Th*
the left), Anthony Quayle (Bottom), Leo McKern (
lan

The 1954 Se

"LOVE, love, nothing but love !" sings Pandarus in Troy, in the Palace of Priam, in the very presence of Argive Helen herself. We might call that the theme-song of the Stratford-upon-Avon Festival of 1954. It is not so easy as it looks to find a balanced hand of five plays that can contain a collector's rarity as well as some of the major works, and something that will not put off the occasional playgoer ; that will make him ask what all this is about.

Shakespeareans, of course, take everything in their stride (praying the while for a *Titus Andronicus* or a *Henry the Sixth*), but Stratford must deal with all-comers, and some of these would change Pandarus' song to "laugh, laugh, nothing but laugh !" Very well, then : throw in a *Shrew*.

The mixture this year is uncommonly apt. As usual, the Memorial Theatre has been brimming, though I doubt whether the directors should take this too cheerfully as a compliment to their young cast. We have known more excitingly-acted Festivals ; and it may be that 1954 (like the summer itself) will not shine very brightly in chronicle.

Never mind. We are thinking, for the moment, of its best things. No doubt the love *motif* is quite fortuitous ; but consider the programme. We have, in *Romeo and Juliet*, the spring song of young love ; and in *Troilus and Cressida*, with verse that is even more impassioned, a play in which young love is turned awry. *The Taming of the Shrew* offers Petruchio's whirlwind wooing and his "*Come on and kiss me, Kate*" (a phrase not unfamiliar in non-Shakespearean circles). In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* love is a tangled skein, under the moonshine and the stars of an Athenian June ; and *Othello*, with its early nobility of love, ends in the tragedy that blows us in winds, roasts us in sulphur, washes us in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire. "*Look on the tragic loading of this bed !*"

"*Love, love, nothing but love . . .*" What do we remember ? Curiously, I think, less about the love scenes, the main thread of the season, than about certain other matters. In the *Dream*, for example, the night belongs to the Mechanicals, Peter Quince's Amateur Dramatic Society from Athens-by-Arden.

The plays this year are produced by GLEN BYAM SHAW (R
("The Taming of the Shrew" ; "A Midsummer

eur Dramatic Society poses for its photograph. What in be like? The Mechanicals are: James Grout (Snout, at e), Mervyn Blake (Snug), Peter Duguid (Starveling) and n (Flute).

son at Stratford

I suppose we can say here that Pyramus is in love with Thisby, but I don't think that this is what matters. Better far to recall Anthony Quayle's determined weaver, his unwinding turban, and his majestic death; Quince's elastic-sided scroll in the hands of Leo McKern; and that charming little tombstone which should be a "must" in any future revival: *Hic jacet Ninus.*

In *The Taming of the Shrew,* which is the 1953 production re-cast, we remember the sheer tearing high spirits of it all—typified by the acrobatics of Mr. McKern's Grumio—and the way in which that Elizabethan hell changes its form during the evening as the shifts of the plot require. It is hard to remember a more protean set, one more cunningly contrived, one more cheerfully adaptable to time and place.

Then the two plays that seem to eye each other from a long distance: *Romeo* and *Troilus.* In the first I think of the rapier of Tybalt (Keith Michell), and the fuss-and-bluster and the sudden sorrow of old Capulet (William Devlin). We speak of *Troilus* on another page, but here, too, it is not the lovers—the betrayer and the betrayed—that stay in memory.

In *Othello* we have the best dignity of the Moor; we have Desdemona (Barbara Jefford) looking like a Titian. But the mind lingers on other things; maybe we find ourselves re-casting the play from the current company, wondering how A would fit in here or B there. It is a game one can always play at Stratford, and often, too, when it has been a major performance, and one is walking back in the moonlight where the Avon streams beneath its bridges and the swans are sleeping.

The Swan (with the capital letter) never sleeps. To-day the Shakespeare Memorial is, in effect, one of the two English national theatres. It deserves its honour. It will deserve it still more if, in years ahead, its directors ensure that no play is under-spoken, tossed away. There is no greater excitement in the theatre, world over, than to hear noble verse nobly spoken; and where, in England, should we expect more certainly to hear it than in Shakespeare's theatre in Shakespeare's own town?

J. C. T.

meo and Juliet"; "Troilus and Cressida"); GEORGE DEVINE 's Dream"); and ANTHONY QUAYLE ("Othello").

ROMEO AND JULIET.—For the twentieth time the Nurse (Rosalind Atkinson) tells Juliet (Zena Walker; *left*) and Lady Capulet (Jean Wilson; *right*) the same old story of Juliet's childhood: "*. . . Wilt thou not, Jule? And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said 'Ay.'*" "*Enough of this!*" says Lady Capulet, with some reason.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.—Katharina (Barbara Jefford; *centre*) is nearly tamed, but Petruchio (Keith Michell; with knife and fork) is still keeping her from a square meal. Grumio (Leo McKern), his head just visible over the edge of the table (*left*), looks on expectantly.

"Please Forward" : by Joyce Dennys.

A Minist'ring Angel, Me!

MY DEAR ROBERT,

If there is one thing a Doctor dislikes more than another it is Illness in His Own Home, and it is well known that Doctors' Wives will go to all lengths in order to hide the fact that they are ill. Last week, when I began to feel very peculiar indeed, I mounted the bus and journeyed to our Cathedral City and sat myself down in the Out-patients' Department of the Royal Wessex Hospital.

After a time a nurse came up to me and said: "May I have your card, please?"

"I'm afraid I haven't got a card."

"No card?" said the Nurse, deeply shocked. "Who sent you here?"

"Well, nobody. I just came."

"Who is your doctor?"

"Well, I haven't got one, actually. Only a husband."

"Do you mean your husband is a doctor?" said the Nurse patiently.

"Yes, yes—that's it!" I cried, feeling we were getting somewhere at last.

The Nurse gave me a long, searching look and left the room. Soon afterwards she returned with the Out-patients' Doctor, who happens to be a friend of ours. "My dear Henrietta," he said. "What on earth are you doing here?"

"Well, I felt rather ill and a Hospital seemed a good place to come to."

The Doctor put a thermometer in my mouth and he and the Nurse stood looking at me as though I were a stray dog brought in to the Battersea Home and they were trying to make up their minds whether to have me destroyed or not. Then the Doctor took the thermometer out of my mouth and looked at it. "You've got a temperature," he said.

"I know."

"You must go straight home and go to bed."

He and the Nurse stood looking at me.

"I suppose I couldn't go to bed here?"

"Here? Good gracious, what an idea! What would Charles say?"

I wanted to explain that Charles would prefer me to be ill in the Royal Wessex than in his home, but I didn't feel quite up to an argument just then, so I mounted the bus and went back again. The buses stop quite near Charles' Surgery, so I went in there and sat down in the Waiting Room. There were a good many other people waiting too, and they all thought it was very funny that I should want to see a doctor. "Fancy a Doctor's Wife being ill!" they cried, laughing merrily.

At last it came to my turn, and Charles' Secretary, doubled up with laughter, showed me into the Consulting Room. Charles was writing at his desk and I thought how nice he looked and how much I would like to have him as my doctor. "Sit down, please," he said without looking up.

Bent nearly double and groaning . . .

I sat down and looked about me. Charles' Consulting Room was really very pleasant and I was deeply touched to see a photograph of myself and one of the Linnet on the book-case. "Now what can I do for you?" said Charles, laying down his pen and swivelling round in his chair. "*Henrietta!*"

"I know, but you see, I don't feel very well."

Charles put a finger on my pulse. "Oh, Henrietta," he said reproachfully, "you've got a temperature."

"I'm terribly sorry, Charles."

Charles drove me home and filled my hot-water bottle and took the counterpane off my bed. Nobody could have been kinder, but I could see I was the Last Straw. Next day my temperature was a hundred-and-three, and as it is not Medical Etiquette for a doctor to attend his own wife, I asked that I might be visited by our friend, Doctor Peter Green, from the next village.

"Did your Doctor do you good?"

Charles looked at me doubtfully, stroking his chin. "He's not very fit himself, poor chap, but I'll tell him to call if you really want him," he said.

"Well, I do rather."

Later in the day there was a knock on my door and Peter Green shuffled into my room bent nearly double and groaning. "Goodness gracious, Peter! What's the matter?" I cried, starting up in bed.

"I've got lumbago," said Peter. He lowered himself carefully on to Charles' bed and groaned again.

"I'm so sorry."

"What people don't realise about lumbago is how ill it makes you feel."

"Poor Peter!"

"Do you know, Henrietta, this morning, while I was dressing, I dropped my wallet on the floor, and I left it there. It simply wasn't worth the agony of stooping down to pick it up again."

"Oh, dear!"

"It came on quite suddenly while I was playing golf. I stooped down at the twelfth tee to stick in my peg and I couldn't get up again. I literally *could—not—move.*"

"Oh, dear!"

"Old Barker, who I was playing with, was in a terrible state. He and the caddies helped me back to the Club House and I was given a stiff brandy. Then they practically carried me to my car and I just managed to drive myself home. It was agony."

"Poor Peter!"

"It was pretty good agony driving over here this morning, I can tell you."

"I'm so sorry. Of course, if I'd known——"

"Not at all," said Peter Green politely. "I'm always glad to do anything for old Charles. What's the trouble?"

"I've got a temperature of a hundred-and-three."

"Chill, I expect. These cold winds are damned tricky. Of course, that's how I got my lumbago. I'd been in a good deal of trouble at the ninth—hacking my way out of the gorse, you know how hot it is down in that hollow—by the time I got to the twelfth I was in a muck-sweat, and then we had to wait. The wind up there on top was like a knife. That's where I got it, undoubtedly."

"Oh, undoubtedly."

"If one could sleep at nights it wouldn't be so bad, but I never get a wink. I've tried everything—lying on my right side—lying on my left—even on my face, but nothing's any good."

"Have you tried a pillow under your knees?"

"Pillow under my knees? That's an idea, Henrietta."

"It relaxes the muscles in your back. Why don't you go and get the Orthopædic people to give you a jab?"

"Do you think it does any good?"

"Well, Charles went once and it worked like a charm."

"Did it, by Jove! I'll go this afternoon," said Peter Green, getting slowly to his feet. "Ow!"

"Oh, dear—poor Peter!"

"That's where it catches me—just there. Well, good-bye, Henrietta. By the way, what did you say your temperature was?"

"A hundred-and-three."

"I felt so rotten last night I took my temperature, but it was sub-normal," said Peter Green, and he crept away.

When Charles came in later he said, "Well, did your Doctor do you good?"

"Not much," I said.

Always your affectionate
Childhood's Friend,
HENRIETTA.

Photographed by S. W. Batting.

POOLE YACHTING WEEK

There was an excellent number of entries for the popular annual Yachting Week at Poole this month, which was sponsored by the five Yachting Clubs around the shores of Poole Harbour. Weather conditions could not have been better for the testing of sailing and navigational skill ; the week brought every situation from flat calm to blustering winds and rough seas. Here, spinnakers flying, are C. J. Carey-Wood's Bermudan sloop *Blue Cygnet* and F. P. L. Jackson's *Phizz*, in one of the "A" Class races. Bringing up the rear in this picture, *Phizz* was nevertheless the easy winner of the Challenge Cup on the week's racing.

CHELTENHAM : A rally of veteran cars was held at Cheltenham on July 17th. Our picture shows D. G. Blackford's *White Steam Car*, 1903, leaving the Town Hall for a tour of the hills.

ROEHAMPTON : At the Polo Tournament for the County Cup at Roehampton on July 19th, E. Lalor, captain of the Henley team which beat Friar Park in the final, received the cup from Mrs. Miller.

THE WHITE CITY : Colonel Llewellyn on *Foxhunter* at the International Horse Show on July 19th. The Show ended on July 24th.

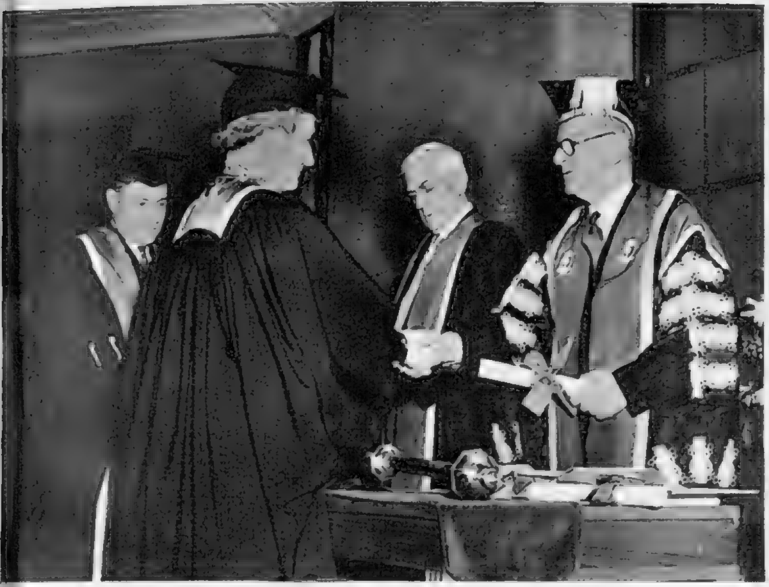
PORTOFINO : Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier are on holiday in Italy as the guests of Rex Harrison (*left*) and Lilli Palmer. Lady Olivier is not shown.

HERE AND THERE

Dr. Cheng, the former Chinese Ambassador and ex-President of the Society, was one of the guests of the China Society at a dinner held on July 15th in honour of the Society's new President, Sir Alexander Cadogan. The Society is forty-eight years old, and has continued its cultural link with China in spite of wars and revolutions, for its Sinophile members are non-political. Lady Astor was among the many distinguished guests, for whom, in an eloquent speech, Lord Hankey spoke at the dinner. At the Scala Theatre, earlier in the week, a different sort of gathering was in progress, as the pupils of the Royal Dancing Mistress, Miss Vacani, gave a charity matinée ; this gathering may be viewed, in some sort, as a successor to *The Frog*, though the cast was larger (there were 250 children) and the dramatic offerings less ambitious. At Cheltenham, spectators remembered *Genevieve* as pre-1917 cars chugged into the hills for a Rally, which was followed by a Concours d'Elégance, and at Roehampton there was a faster sport in the keenly-contested final of the County Cup for polo, which was taken by Henley. The colourful dowdiness of academic pageantry was on view at the Senate House of the University of

MISS ANNA NEAGLE : A new film, *Lilacs in the Spring*, is to be based on the stage play, *The Glorious Days*, in which Miss Neagle appeared last year. She will appear in the film with Mr. Errol Flynn.

LAMBETH PALACE : Dr. Clifford Martin, Bishop of Liverpool, and Dr. A. J. Campbell, Bishop of Guildford, greet the guests at a garden party at Lambeth Palace on July 15th. The party was organised by the Overseas Council of the Church Assembly.



THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON : Dr. Doris Gordon, a New Zealand Doctor of Medicine, received an honorary fellowship of the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynæcologists from the President, Mr. Gemmell, on July 13th.

DANCING MATINÉE AT THE SCALA : On July 12th, the pupils of Miss Marguerite Vacani, the Royal Dancing Mistress, presented their annual matinée. Our picture shows some of the small performers.

London on July 13th, when the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynæcologists held a Silver Jubilee, presenting marks of honour to Lord Simonds, the Lord Chancellor, to Dr. J. Meigs, a distinguished American gynæcologist, and to Dr. Doris Gordon and Sir Arthur Sims, both of New Zealand. The International Horse Show was at the White City from July 19th to 24th, and some inhabitants of Kensington and Holland Park were gladdened by the *clip-clop* of hooves and the gorgeous costumes of the riders as they rode through the streets on their way to the Show. The first Show was in 1907, and it has been held annually since, with only occasional breaks. At the Trianon, Versailles, a gala was held in aid of the League Against Cancer, and was attended by many members of the French nobility and of the stage and screen ; in Italy, our own Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier were on holiday, clothed in costumes almost as decorative. The Duke and Duchess of Bedford came back from South Africa to clear up the affairs of the estate of the late Duke, whose death duties are expected to exceed £3,000,000 ; Lady Trevelyan took a trip into the past, beating her own side-drum at a Folk Dance and Song Festival in the grounds of her Cambridge home, Wallington Hall. At Lambeth Palace the Archbishop of Canterbury held a Garden Party and Reception for the missionaries of many countries, and our photograph shows some of the guests arriving.

VERSAILLES : The Marquis of Arcangues and Mme. Vargas at a Gala in aid of the League Against Cancer. The Gala was held at the Trianon.

LADY TREVELYAN : At the Folk Dance Festival at Wallington Hall on July 10th, Lady Trevelyan played the drum.

PLYMOUTH : The Duke of Bedford, with his wife and five children, returned home from South Africa by the liner *City of Exeter*, landing on July 16th. The Duke is here to settle the affairs of his multi-millionaire father, who died last October.

THE CHINA SOCIETY : *Top* : Sir Alexander and Lady Cadogan with (*right*) Lady Whyte. *Below* : The former Chinese Ambassador, Mr. Cheng (*left*), with the South Korean Minister and Lieut.-Colonel Cantlie.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL : For producing the Best New Description of a Terminological Inexactitude.

"The honourable gentleman," said the Prime Minister in a House of Commons reply to Mr. R. H. S. Crossman, M.P., "is never lucky in the coincidence of his facts with the truth."

SHIRLEY BURKE : For glamorising the task of Spraying the Chassis.

Lucky man doing this neat and speedy "paint job" at the Empress Hall is Fred Eden. Object of his attentions is Shirley Burke, one of the sixty lovely skaters in *White Horse Inn on Ice*, who have their leg make-up applied in this way to save time.

MICHAEL TROD : For a successful Last-Ditch Effort to Keep his Bowler Dry.

Determined character with the umbrella and all that rope is Mr. Michael Trod, umpire for the annual Oxon *v.* Bucks tug-of-war across the River Thame. Here he is, on July 17th, carrying the Weapon of Battle from bank to bank—a thoroughly dampening procedure.

"HOPALONG" BOWATER : For displaying a little Wild West spirit in London's E.C.4.

When Bill Boyd of "Hopalong Cassidy" fame visited the Lord Mayor, Sir Noel Bowater, at Mansion House on July 16th he took along the forty-eight boys he has brought on a goodwill tour from the States—and also brought his wife and his ten-gallon hat. Sir Noel chatted and joked with the boys—and posed with "Mrs. Bill" and the ten-gallon hat!

BRIGHT YOUNG MEN OF THE THEATRE—12: DENIS QUILLEY

There are Braque reproductions on the walls of Denis Quilley's basement in Maida Vale ; Stanislavsky and Mrs. Woolf consort oddly in his bookshelves ; he owns an elderly car with holes in the roof—" but if you 're going fast enough," he says, " and the wind 's in the right direction, it 's impossible to get wet." His wife, who is dark-haired and makes good coffee, has a tiny part in *The Boy Friend*. Although Mr. Quilley had an actor's training, played the lead in the Young Vic's production of *The Black Arrow*, and was with the Nottingham Rep., he has also sung with the London Opera Club, and is currently in *Airs on a Shoestring* at the Royal Court Theatre. Later this year he is to play the lead in *Wilde Thyme*, a play in verse by Philip Grant, with music by Donald Swann, which Laurier Lister plans to produce. With his voice, his masculine good looks, and his talent as an actor, Denis Quilley may well turn out to be the answer to the managers' prayer if musical comedy that is both intelligent and English is to be revived.

Specially photographed for " THE SKETCH " by Houston Rogers.

TELEVISION TOPICS: By CYRIL BUTCHER

ALAN WHEATLEY

DAPHNE PADELL

LANA MORRIS

CARL EBERT

T.V. PERSONALITIES: Alan Wheatley, says our critic, is one of the few television actors who has never failed to give a satisfying performance. So we look forward to seeing him in Somerset Maugham's *Mrs. Dot* on August 1st and 5th. . . . Daphne Padell will tell you that if you take a quiet walk down Bond Street you may get an idea for a television parlour game. The result of her peregrinations can be seen to-night, when she appears in one of the trial panel shows: *Once Upon a Time*. . . . To be the *confidante* of a heroine in a television serial like *The Six Proud Walkers*, and still be outstanding, needs a jolly good actress. Well, Lana Morris *is* a jolly good actress. So we leave it at that. . . . Our television critic hasn't got a hat. But if he had he would raise it to Carl Ebert, who has done so much to make Glyndebourne the Mecca of *opera intime*. You can see Herr Ebert's production of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* to-morrow night.

Peers Without Peris

The House of Peers
Throughout the war,
Did nothing in particular.
And did it very well.

THIS quotation from Iolanthe came to my mind while reading reports of the Committee Stage debates, in the House of Lords, on the Television Bill. How things have changed since the days which Gilbert was amiably satirising! In this particular war—the war of the introduction of commercial television—their Lordships have wrought most nobly. They put down 108 amendments to the Bill, carrying something like 18 in twenty-four hours of debate.

I found the reports of their earnest thunderings very refreshing reading—even though a sneaking thought occurred to me that the *expertise* of some of the disputants on the subject of television did not come up to specialist standard. However, nowadays everybody who wishes to be considered up to date is automatically a television expert—which must be an alarming thought to those who are professionally so occupied.

Whether, as a result of the efforts of the gentlemen of the Upper House, the advent of commercial television has been hastened, remains to be seen. Certain things are beyond legislation, and one of them is the willingness of people to spend hard-earned cash. The cost of the commercial network is still a problem to which I have not yet heard the complete answer. And there is also the veiled threat of the Socialists to squash the whole thing when and if they come into power again. Well, we shall see . . .

POOR *Dear Dotty*. It only set out to be a lighthearted, harmless starring vehicle for Avril Angers (who, I think, is potentially one of the great comediennes of our time). And look what happened. It was held up as an example of the evils of drink on television in the House of Lords, and it raised a positive howl from the eternal kill-joys who see damnation in even the tiniest drop of alcohol. Rumour has it that one worthy body has set up a team of viewers to "monitor" the B.B.C.'s television programmes to see to what extent the wicked, wicked subject of drink is exploited. And all because Miss Angers, as the Personal Problem girl of a woman's magazine, was shown to drink—with commendable gusto—several pints of "wallop." To soothe the sensibilities of the TT-esque I have the assurance of Bill Ward, the producer of the show, that, in point of fact, all she drank was blackcurrant juice, and out of a trick glass at that, totalling something like a quarter of a pint. Personally, I found *Dear Dotty* quite delightful, a harmless quip against the handlebar-moustached, "whizzo-prang" boys of the R.A.F. and an opportunity for Miss Angers to display that patho-comedy which is the hall-mark of all great laughter-makers.

ONE or two of my colleagues dismissed *The Small Victory*, the third of the four-play cycle, *The Promised Years*, by Iain MacCormick, as tawdry anti-Red propaganda—slight and very thin drama. I can only presume that they were temporarily out of their minds. Take the situation of a group of people in Korea imprisoned in a Catholic mission by the victorious Chinese, who face starvation, torture and death, unless the presiding priest signs one of those "confessions" which have become so tragically familiar in Communist jurisprudence, and you have no mean drama. By the end, when inevitable death was about to lead to the small victory, I was incredibly moved and full of admiration for Mr. MacCormick, his producer, Julian Amyes, and his cast (which I give in full): John Welsh, Lilly Kann, Alec Mango, Joyce Cummings, Walter Fitzgerald, Delphi Lawrence, Lionel Ngakane, Rupert Davies, Mei Ling Lee, and Douglas Blackwell. There was scarcely a pin to choose between these performances, unless I pick on Miss Lilly Kann, as Sister Annelise, who, by her sheer artistry, turned what might have been an embarrassing character into a saint of rare dignity.

From recent Korea to ancient China leads me to *The Peach Garden*, a legend retold by James Kirkup to the music of Max Saunders. This was a programme of such beauty that I hope Lian-Shin Yang and Wolfe Morris (who acted the chief characters of this fanciful tale) will forgive me if I give most credit to designer Barry Learoyd and producer Christian Simpson, who, between them, recaptured some of the visual beauty that used to distinguish television before the camera became such a searching, astringent probe. A note of protest, however, about the unseemly studio management that allowed a series of distracting bangs and crashes.

IF only I could ramble on, to tell you about *The Lover*, a tale of the plebeian who dared to raise his heart to a queen, by Martinez Sierra, with lovely performances by Diana Wynyard and Norman Wooland; of A. P. Herbert in *The Spice of Life*, which I considered slow, embarrassed and maladroit; and of *Halcyon Days*, by James Dyrenforth, a naïve tale of "way down Sauthe," in which the author pinched the best part as the sympathetic judge, who held a fair balance between white and coloured.

But space runs out and the Editor says to me "Look ahead." So try and book the following dates: to-morrow, July 29th, *Don Giovanni*, Mozart's opera from Glyndebourne; August 1st and 5th, *Mrs. Dot*, by Somerset Maugham. This was originally called an "Edwardian Comedy." Now it is called "a Comedy." The reason for the abbreviation is the unfortunate association of "Edwardian" with the modern "Teddy Boy" (really, the B.B.C. do get awfully coy in the pursuit of their respectability); August 8th and 12th, *Captain Banner*, an historical drama, by G. R. Preedy, set in a hideously draughty castle in Denmark: a tale of love *versus* duty which should keep your blood happily curdled. A few days earlier there is a documentary about a fabulous seaside resort: *Blackpool Story*, which will tell you the exciting tale of Sir John Bickerstaffe, the builder of t'Tower. Lastly, the Diamond Jubilee Concert from the Albert Hall, on August 10th.

Mr. Alan Wright with the Very Reverend E. N. Porter-Goff, Provost of Portsmouth, and Mrs. Porter-Goff.

Mr. D. L. Reynolds receives his prize in the raffle for the Lord Mayor's charities, from the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress.

Mrs. A. E. Hooper sells a raffle ticket to Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. D. S. Baker.

Surgeon-Captain and Mrs. C. J. Finnigan try their hands at Tombola.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Burton and Sir Vernon Dupree arriving at Lumps Fort.

Mrs. A. P. Skinner sells a Tombola ticket to Lady Dupree.

Mrs. J. H. Unwin, Chief Officer S. H. Broster, Mr. R. Broster and Commodore J. H. Unwin.

Mrs. Pat Hunt and Mrs. F. Deason-Barrow.

Lord Mayor's Garden Party at Portsmouth

Five-year-old John Day, nephew of the Lord Mayor, examines his prize.

Portsmouth was favoured with fine weather for the Garden Party given by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Councillor and Mrs. G. A. Day, at Lumps Fort Rose Gardens on July 15th. More than a thousand guests attended and took tea in the marquees or under sun umbrellas on the lawns, following an inspection of the truly lovely gardens which are the pride of Southsea, the city's popular seaside resort. The organisers certainly deserve commendation—both for their successful efforts and for their uncanny choice of the one fine day in a wet and murky week!

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by William Morris.

Little Christopher Street plumped for tea-for-one in the corner of the tent.

One of the murals painted by college students forms the background for Lieutenant G. E. Jervis, R.A.N., Miss Hazel Tonkin, Lieutenant C. Preston, R.N., Mrs. Turnbull and Lieut.-Commander D. G. Turnbull, R.N.

Mr. and Mrs. Thurston James with Mrs. J. A. C. Williams and Mr. Williams, Research Fellow of the College.

Mrs. E. Pelham-Reid and Sir Victor Goddard.

Miss Diana Lockwood and Mr. Richard Hedge:

ANNUAL BALL AT THE

The annual College of Aeronautics Presentation Ball at Cranfield on July 9th is obviously going to be talked about for some time to come. More than 350 students and guests celebrated this fitting climax to a day devoted to the presentation of diplomas and prizes awarded to students at the end of their course of study. The College itself was floodlit for the occasion, and a supper marquee was erected in the gardens, which were

Specially photographed f

Two past students of the College with their partners: Mr. J. Gallichan, Miss Barbara Stocks, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Perry.

Mr. J. T. D. Holt, retiring Students' Society president, Miss Rosemary Harvey, Lady Goddard and Sir Victor Goddard, retiring College Principal.

In the rumba room, decorated in Latin-American style, were Squadron-Leader and Mrs. D. Mercer, Miss Kathleen Ratcliffe and Mr. W. A. J. Davie.

Squadron-Leader H. J. Londeau, R.C.A.F., Lieutenant L. W. Brown, U.S.N., Rear-Admiral W. Folk, U.S.N., Mrs. Folk, Mrs. Londeau and Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Freda Dixon and Lieutenant J. Dumphy, R.N.

Miss June Crane and Mr. C. Norbury.

Guests looking at the floodlit garden : Mr. David Baxter, Miss Shirley Dixon, Mr. Victor Keeble, Miss Pat Taylor, Miss Joyce Lynall and Mr. Kenneth Robinson.

OLLEGE OF AERONAUTICS

aily decorated with fairy lights. Two ballrooms were in se—one for "straight" dancing and the other for the Latin-merican enthusiasts—and both were very cleverly decorated ith attractive murals painted by students of the College. vidence of the guests' enjoyment was that dancing started t 10 p.m. and the party was still in full swing when breakfast as served at break of day !

IE SKETCH" by Van Hallan.

Mr. H. D. Mitchell, Miss Doreen Warne, Mrs. Robertson and Squadron-Leader I. A. Robertson, chief test pilot at the College.

Mr. J. W. Rothwell with Mrs. Charles McClure, wife of Wing-Commander McClure of the College, and Mrs. Tony Jackson.

Diploma winners and their partners : Squadron-Leader and Mrs. I. T. A. Murchie, Dr. Dorothy Davidson, Mr. Ronald Milne and Flight-Lieut. and Mrs. Frank Mobey.

AT THE CINEMA with C. A. LEJEUNE

Murder in Maida Vale

DIAL M FOR MURDER
(Warner Theatre)

PERHAPS because his work is almost entirely devoid of self-conscious tricks this time, perhaps because he has kept so close to the ingenious argument of the original, Alfred Hitchcock has made one of his most satisfactory films for years in *Dial M for Murder*.

Frederick Knott's thriller was first written as a play for B.B.C. Television. It then moved on for long and successful theatre runs in London and New York. It was bought by Hollywood, and scheduled as Hitchcock's first 3-D picture. But fortunately better counsels have prevailed; and although the film was shot and originally shown in three-dimensional WarnerColor, the version finally released is an orthodox "flattie," and can be seen without glasses. For which I, for one, am profoundly thankful. The play was adapted for the screen by the author, who must be complimented on a smooth, tight, workmanlike script.

In case there is anybody left who doesn't know what *Dial M for Murder* is about, I should explain that the central figure is a fading tennis champion (Ray Milland), who is living very comfortably in Maida Vale on his wife's money. Finding, after rummaging through her handbag, a letter which makes it pretty clear that the lady (Grace Kelly) is in love with an American mystery writer (Robert Cummings), he decides it would be a good idea to have her killed by proxy, so that he can enjoy her entire capital at his ease.

For his deputy, he chooses a seedy old friend from Cambridge (Anthony Dawson, who played the part on Broadway), who is in no position to resist a threat of blackmail. An intricate and apparently foolproof plot is laid, by which a telephone call will be the cue for murder. But plans go wrong. The lady snatches up a pair of scissors, and inadvertently kills the old Cambridge friend while he is in process of strangling her. Our tennis player has to think again, and fast, before his hopes are ruined by the police. The best thing he can think of is to get her hanged. The rest of the film is a grimly fascinating game of cat-and-mouse between a dry Scotland Yard Inspector (John Williams) and a plausible and quick-witted villain.

Dial M for Murder demands concentration on the part of the audience, for the detail of the plot is extremely intricate. It is one of the most *intelligent* studies of crime and detection ever brought to the screen, and perhaps one's only quarrel with the construction is that it seems unlikely a woman in such circumstances would receive a death-sentence under English law. Minor objections might be lodged against the use of American idiom in a British scene. But you do come out of the Warner Theatre feeling you have had a picture. And Oxford men should be gratified to find that the cads this time come from the Other Place, a fair adjustment after the implications of *Rope*.

THE BANDIT
(Cameo-Polytechnic)

This haunting, harsh, but brilliant film from Brazil won the prize for "Films of Adventure" at last year's Cannes Festival, with special mention for its music. One can see why. Its powerful pictures linger in the mind. Its throbbing melodies take the ear; and are, I believe, some of the most popular request numbers on the air to-day.

The story deals with a company of bandits who roam the north of Brazil, looting, torturing and killing. They kidnap a village schoolmistress, who has caught the fancy of the bandit leader. His second-in-command, a man of some education and sensibility, contrives to save her. His plans involve self-immolation; but are carried out with courage and a kind of rough nobility.

The film is packed with shots that make you flinch. Yet curiously its effect is clean, rather than cruel. Acting is fine and strong; direction has an artist's touch; photography (by an Englishman) uses its foregrounds in a cunning way that gives a remarkable sense of depth. Dialogue is in Portuguese (with sub-titles), but there is very little of it, and most of the action is self-explanatory.

ELEPHANT WALK
(Plaza)

Elizabeth Taylor, as an artless English bride, goes out to Ceylon to join her tea-planting husband (Peter Finch). To her dismay, she finds him a changed man. Not only does he carouse with week-end guests and indulge in midnight games of bicycle polo on the verandah, but he is dominated by the spirit of his dead father, a martinet who has built a thirty-room bungalow bang across the elephants' favourite track to the river.

In despair, Miss Taylor turns to her husband's American assistant (Dana Andrews), but before anything can come of the affair an outbreak of cholera and an elephant stampede right through and over the bungalow restore harmonious marital relations. This is the film that Vivien Leigh started to make but was too ill to finish. She can still be discerned in some of the exterior shots. The story does have the merit of an idea, and the elephants, when at last they go on the rampage, are fine.

SEAGULLS OVER SORRENTO
(Empire)

On the stage, this very popular play was confined to the mess-deck, and the accent was principally on farce. On the screen, the scene has been opened out, and the comedy notched up towards serious drama. Plot concerns attempts, at a remote R.N. Experimental Station off the coast of Scotland, to develop a new type of explosive for use in submarines.

The trials involve several deaths, a good deal of stiff upper lip sentiment, and temporary internecine warfare between the British and their American *aides*. Officers include Hollywood's Gene Kelly and England's John Justin; on the mess-deck, Bernard Lee, Sidney James and others. Best performance, to my mind, David Orr as a Scottish rating who does his bit to keep the peace.

DANCE, LITTLE LADY
(Gaumont)

A novelettish British film about a heel of a husband who lives on the earnings of his ballerina wife until she is crippled in a motor accident, then tries to kidnap their small daughter and live on *her* earnings. Terence Morgan and Mai Zetterling are the highly improbable parents. Ten-year-old Mandy Miller (remember her as the deaf-and-dumb child in *Mandy*?) acts and also dances charmingly, and gives the film what moments it has of feeling.

THE CHILD
(Marble Arch Pavilion)

A solemn baby about five, Portland Mason, trots away with the honours of a short family piece directed in America by her celebrated father, James; co-starring her mother, Pamela; and produced by her mother's first husband, Roy Kellino. Set in Edwardian days, the thing has the sentiment, decoration and moral precepts of an old autograph album. A lonely woman finds a lost child. She hides her from the police, but is persuaded by a handy parson to return her to her ailing mother. The end, reached after conjoint prayer, is a beautiful compromise. You should enjoy Portland, who is plainly a small person of character.

In the same bill, a dubbed English version of an Italian drama called *The World Condemns Them*, with Alida Valli as a prostitute who has a soupy time of it living down her past.

GASTRO—LYRIC

By Justin Richardson

SELLE D'AGNEAU

I often wonder what the butchers buy
That is one half so precious as the selle.

Our Fashion Portfolio

by NORAH OWEN

All Aboard

Sailing, in craft of every size, from a luxurious yacht, manned by a large crew, to the smallest dinghy, is once again becoming widely popular. Our photographs were taken no further from London than on board one of Odell's Thames pleasure boats, but the sailing clothes we have chosen are for every sort of boat, and for any kind of weather. In the really dirtiest storm wear this double-textured duffle mackintosh, equally suitable for a landlubber in the country. By Delby Coats, price 6½ gns., with a matching hat, from Marshall and Snelgrove.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Denis Hughes-Gilbey.

(Continued overleaf)

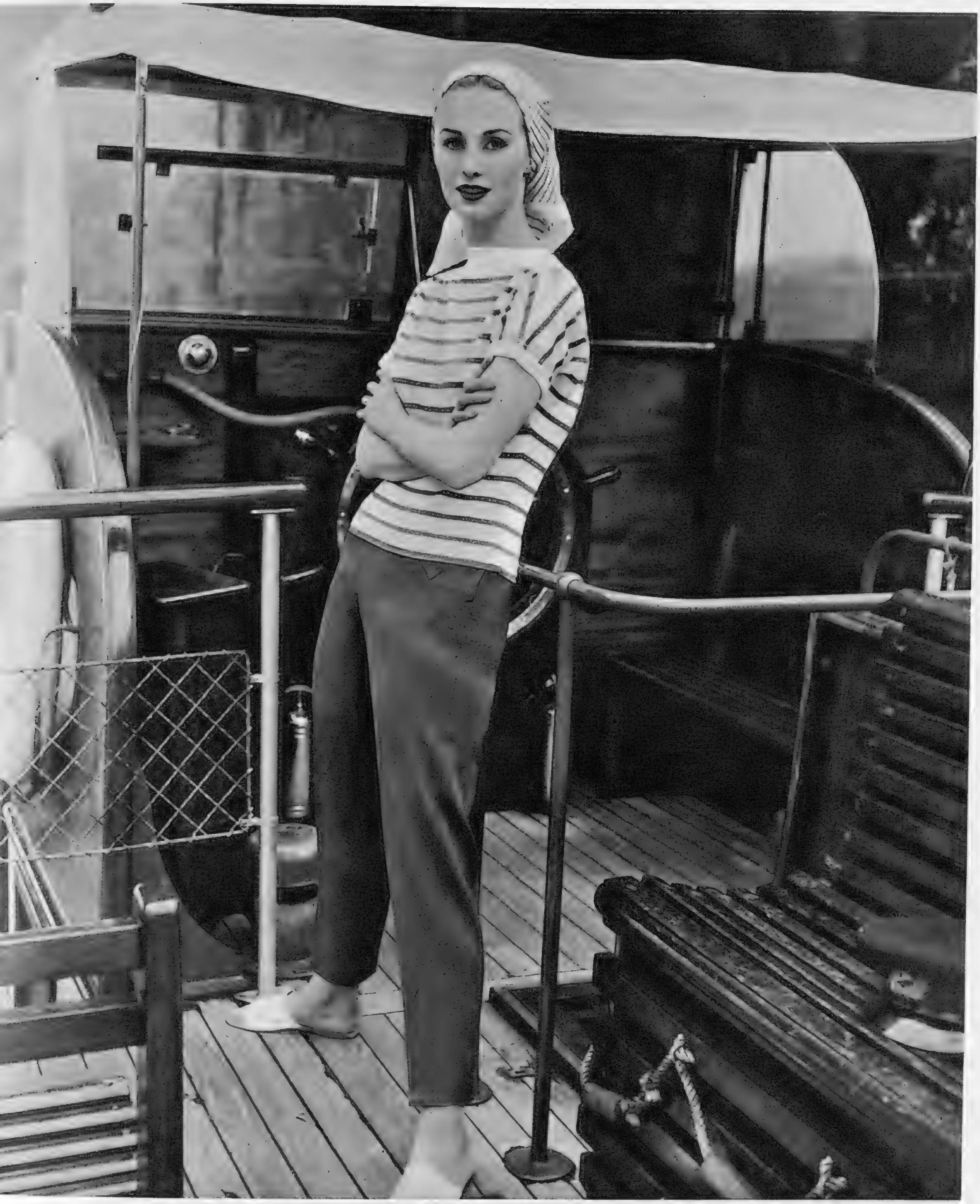
OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

All Aboard

Left : Warm and workmanlike, for the most howling gale, a thick, knitted sweater, with a cunningly contrived double polo neck, that would also be a welcome addition to a Winter Sports wardrobe. By Dorville, price £4 2s. 6d., from Dickins and Jones. The knitted peaked cap, that covers every wisp of hair if necessary, also by Dorville, 1 gn., from Lillywhites.

Mother and daughter alike bear safety in mind in rough water, and wear Howard Flint's inflatable dinghy jackets, with detachable inflators. Mother's size, £6 2s. 6d. ; child's size, £4 7s. 6d. Grown-up sailing jeans, £2 10s. ; child's jeans, £1 5s. 6d. All from Lillywhites.

" Messing about in boats " is something that appeals to every age, and mother becomes as young as her daughter in a sail-cloth top and brief drill shorts. Mother's sailing-blouse, £2 13s. 6d. ; and shorts, £1 10s. ; come from Lillywhites, as does the child's thick sweater, £2 17s. 6d. Her denim shorts, with striped cuffs, by Colwer, from 1 gn. ; at Maison des Enfants, South Molton Street.



Conventional and comfortable, for days on board or brief shopping expeditions on shore, or, for that matter, for holiday wear anywhere under the sun ; a finely-striped wool middy sweater, with short sleeves, in various colours, price 39s. 6d. To wear with the sweater, if your figure is really good and slim, well-cut jeans in wool gaberdine, in navy, or many shades from black to beige, price 5 gns. Both are from Jaeger, Regent Street.

(Continued overleaf)

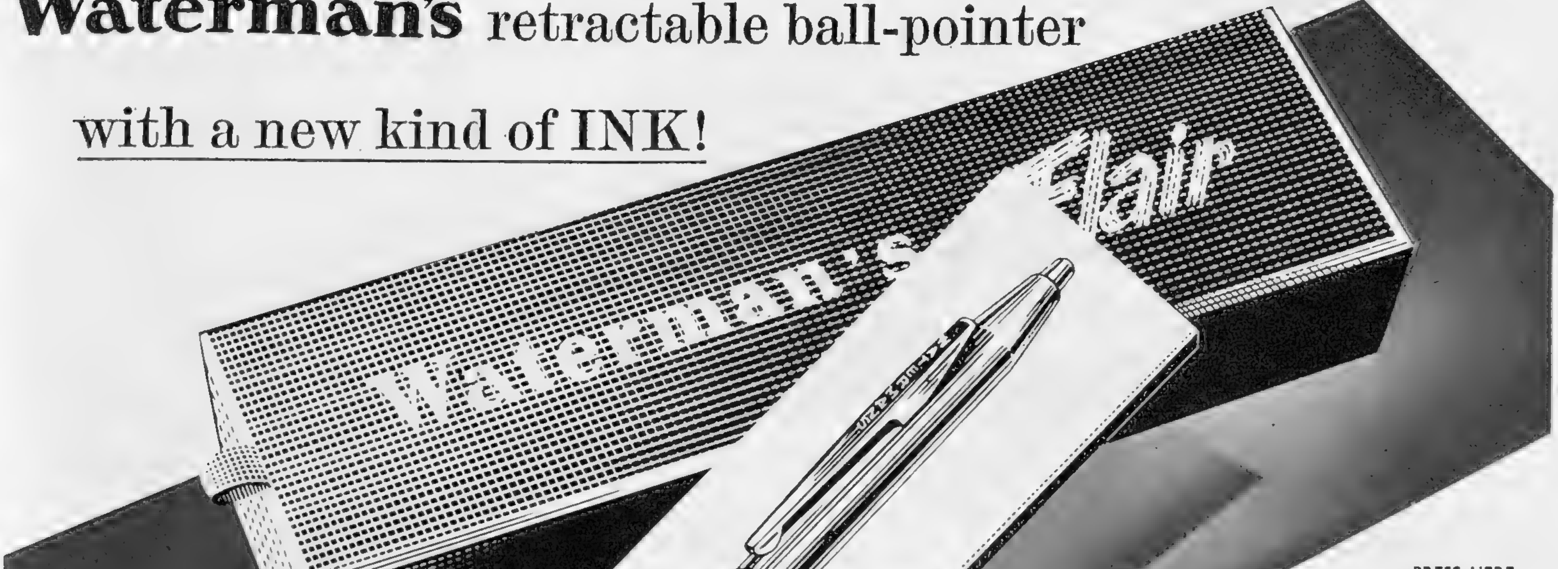
OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Elegant Economy

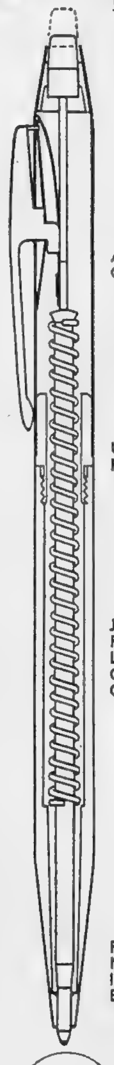
In black-and-white striped ticking, bound with black, a blazer and matching jeans, buttoning on the calf. Wear them together on board, when there are no rough jobs to be done ; on shore for informal occasions ; wear the blazer separately with a dark skirt ; and the jeans will team up with a rough, tough sweater. In any holiday wardrobe, this outfit is amusing, practical and reasonably priced. By Estrava, blazer, 59s. 11d. ; jeans, 35s. 9d. ; from Bourne and Hollingsworth.

Finally . . . Flair

Waterman's retractable ball-pointer with a new kind of INK!



You're going to like *Flair*—very much. You're going to like its balance, its weight, its reed-slimness, its streamlining—its whole 'feel'. You're going to like writing with *Flair*. The way it writes at a touch. Velvet writing. Because . . . *Flair Ink* is a new kind of ink—the kind we've all been wanting ever since ball-points first began. The kind that writes with an *even depth of colour*. That won't suddenly go on strike. That won't suddenly blob. That won't smudge or smear. An intense, decisive ink. A superb ink, worthy of Waterman's *Flair*.



FLAIR'S RETRACTABILITY . . .

. . . measures up to the man in a hurry. It's a one-hand operation. Push the stud at the top and—click!—it's ready for writing. Press the top of the clip and — presto! the point retracts. For a diary reminder, for a scribbled address, there's nothing quicker than *Flair*.

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Welcome to Waterman's Flair *retractable*

Regd.

THE PRINCE OF BALL-POINTERS

17/6

IN HANDSOME GIFT BOX

* *It's in the shops to-day*

FLAIR is made by Waterman's who have been making fine pens, pencils and inks for seventy years.

MOTORING with WILLIAM HARTLEY

The Riley Saloon

The Riley 1½-Litre Saloon.

THIS is one of the traditional British cars that has lasted a long time with occasional modifications and has yet retained much favour. I have said before that Riley cars have a feel of their own and that many owners merely change from Riley to Riley and will have nothing else.

This present version still has the general outline of small Rileys of even the years before the war, but that does not detract from the good looks of the car. The running-boards have gone, making access much easier, and the rear wheels are spat-covered, so that the car keeps pretty clean even doing several hundred miles in this dreadful weather.

How nice it is to sit in a car that has fine upholstery and a walnut facia panel and window fillets! These coloured metal ones are all very well, but the quality finish and style of this Riley interior do give one the comfort and luxury appearance that make for pride of ownership.

The whole car is, as always with Rileys, low in line, and the feeling of safety adds to the joy of quick motoring. The only snag is that the wells, in which rear passengers' feet are snugly placed, are the dickens to clean out.

On the road, the performance is compatible with a good 1½-litre engine, with a cruising speed of around 60 m.p.h. And high average speeds can be put up without any wearing effect on driver or passengers. The gear lever, short and handy through the centre of the floor, is smooth and sweet in operation. But I found the clutch a little tiresome in that the travel was long and the space allowed not over-generous. My foot (not over-large, I assure you) could hardly squeeze past between brake-pedal and the carpet-covered casing over the clutch housing. More room there would be a help.

The suspension is splendid: the Riley *Torsionic*—a good ride at all speeds combined with stability on fast corners. I often think that passengers are good critics of cars, because while the driver may well be pleased with a car's performance and handling, his passengers are being thrown about and jolted to pieces. With this little Riley I took a full complement some 350 miles in one day, and everyone was comfortable and content and enjoyed the ride. To my mind, that is a real test of a car.

There is an ample luggage-boot, and the spare wheel is carried in a compartment below the floor, and is readily accessible without bother. The fuel-tank holds 12½ gallons. A consumption of around 30 m.p.g. gives a range of well over 300 miles, a valuable feature.

Add these various features together, and, in the 1½-Riley, you have a car that is typical of the best of the traditional British designs, with the incorporation of enough of the most recent trends to be well abreast of the times. And the idea that only the full post-war line appeals to people was proved wrong in the few days I had this Riley. No fewer than four different people went out of their way to admire it, and two commented on how nice it looked . . . "like a proper car." Which is all I need say.

CURRENT TOPICS

Why Not Complain?

THE R.A.C. have sent out an analysis of complaints about road conditions or "black spots" received from their members in the past six months. First, my interest lay in the fact that there were only 344 of them! That seems a very small number for the vast numbers who belong to the R.A.C.; and it certainly is small against the number of such places that motorists come across in their travels.

The R.A.C. point out that they had a high percentage of success in getting the faults put right by the authorities. Eighty-seven per cent. have been cleared up or action promised. That is first-class. The next stage is to persuade more people to complain about bad road conditions when they meet them.

Perils of Official Signposting

I RECENTLY read in a national daily paper the account by a journalist of how he tried to reach the Royal Show at Windsor by following the special signs put up to get the traffic there by official routes. He failed, of course.

I admit that after bitter experiences I now ignore these signs nine cases out of ten. The mania that officialdom—which includes the police—has for working out a route miles longer than the direct approach has gone a little too far. We get directed on and on, by circuitous routes, to our destination. We're almost bullied from pillar to post, merely because we display a windscreen label indicating where we are going. At Silverstone, for instance, before you read this, I will have approached by my own route with my lovely car-park labels carefully hidden in the car, to be stuck up for all to see just as I reach the entrance I want.

Now I know that if everyone did this, then chaos might perhaps result. But I am not satisfied with the way these things are planned. I am merely trying to draw attention once again to our dreadful roads which bring these problems.

Burst Tyres

THE other week I had an interesting discussion regarding the position on a car of the tyres in best condition. Now, I know that if we look after our tyres properly, then they should all be in the same state as regards wear. Moving them round every couple of thousand miles would make sure of this. But now and again we find ourselves buying two new ones. And I am prepared to bet that most people will put them on the front wheels.

The theory is that a burst on a front tyre would be more unpleasant and dangerous than a burst on a rear one. This was being discussed at length, and one of the party said he had gone to the length of getting two special quality road-speed tyres for the front of his car (which he habitually drives fast). But an expert pointed out the error in this. If a front tyre goes flat suddenly, then there is every chance that you will be able to keep the car on course by strength on the steering-wheel. Not pleasant, but possible. Now, if a rear tyre bursts on you, the car will roll and sway with great violence and there is little you can do about it. How true that is, and how wise. So once again a popular theory is exploded.

Rumours

IN spite of rumours, it will be a long time, I feel sure, before the new Ferguson car is seen. And I don't think for one moment it is to be a car for the people, as has been forecast. Mr. Ferguson has the farmers at heart more than any other section of the community, and his car will be for real country use, I believe.

While on the subject of rumours, there is one floating around that another very rich man not unconnected with the motor industry may enter the field of motor-racing. I hope that is true.

"... flattering creations"
"...really is a genius"
"...and so reasonable"
"...its absolutely me"
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DAYTIME or EVENING
"in future it must always be"—
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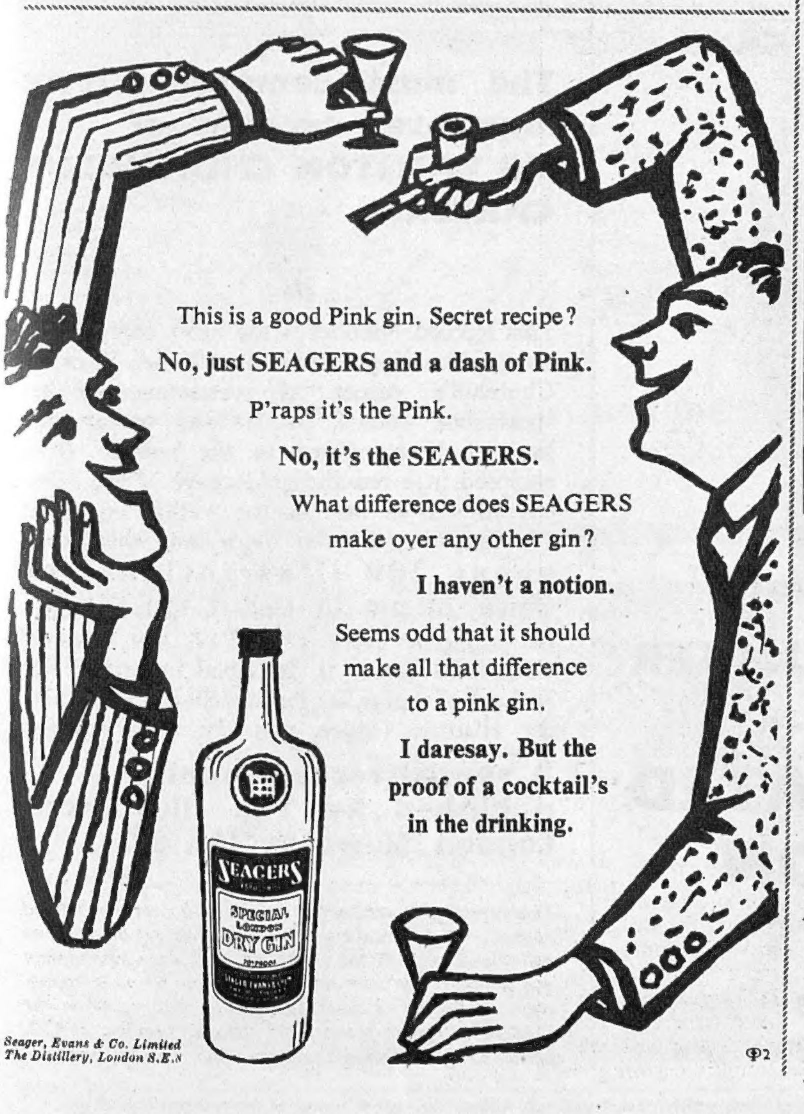
This is a good Pink gin. Secret recipe?
No, just SEAGERS and a dash of Pink.
P'raps it's the Pink.
No, it's the SEAGERS.
What difference does SEAGERS make over any other gin?
I haven't a notion.
Seems odd that it should make all that difference to a pink gin.
I daresay. But the proof of a cocktail's in the drinking.
SEAGERS
SPECIAL LONDON DRY GIN
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The Distillery, London S.E.8

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FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Shopping Treasure Hunt

By SUSAN CARR

WHY should envy be reputed to turn us green? Is it because we are expected to outgrow it with youth and "salad days," when we are "green in judgment"? At any rate, I am green with envy as I write this because a friend has just shown me her new deck-chair-cum-hammock which is one of the most comfortable and luxurious chairs of its kind that I've ever come across. This chair seems to obey every whim of the occupant: if you want, you can sit upright in it to read, sew or knit; then if you wish to lie back and lounge, the chair moves with you until, if you feel like sleeping away the summer hours, you can lie full-length. The *Siesta*, which is very well made, weighs about 18 lb. and, when folded, takes up about the same space as a deck-chair. It is made from well-seasoned hard wood with strong, rot-proof green or coloured canvas. For those who wish for one, or have more faith in the English climate than I have at present, there is a matching sun canopy.

* * *

From deck-chairs quite naturally to flies—so my next shopping find is a fly-killer, but this is one designed to slay the varieties that try to haunt kitchens at this time of year. This fly-killer consists of a metal container with pellets of insecticide in it. Fix it over the neck of an electric light globe of 60 watts or more and switch on the light and shut the door and windows, and, hey presto! the insects soon die. Refill pellets are supplied separately.

* * *

Those who have read this shopping article during the last two years may have gathered by now that I am particularly pleased to find things which can be packed flat when not in use. If an object needs a lot of house-room I usually find that it is more trouble than it is worth. Anybody who enjoys picnics (or has to take a packed lunch to the office or anywhere else) will be pleased to hear about a luncheon-box which is large enough to take a man-sized meal, but quickly and neatly packs flat when empty. Being made of tin, it keeps food fresh and crisp. The same makers have introduced a useful grape-fruit corer which removes core, pith and pips in one operation.

* * *

In a world which seems to be increasingly full of things which appear to be what they are not, and *vice versa*, I cease to be surprised at anything. At the moment there is a tendency to blow everything up (including the world, if the politicians and scientists have their way), and now I find that, of all improbable things, you can blow up your coat-hanger and solve your packing problems. Yes, there is a new travelling coat-hanger, made of a superior plastic material, which, deflated, takes up no more space than a folded handkerchief, but, inflated, makes an efficient hanger for light garments such as summer dresses, as it moulds itself to the shoulders of the garment.

* * *

I have mentioned carpet cleaners before on this page and now I have news of one which not only cleans carpets but makes them mothproof. Dylon *Mothmaster* is a creamy emulsion which washes away dirt with speed and thoroughness and, at the same time, mothproofs the carpet for at least one season. One-and-a-half tablespoonfuls of *Mothmaster* dissolved in a gallon of warm water is sufficient for a carpet measuring 3 by 4 yards; and one bottle contains enough liquid to clean and mothproof four carpets of this size. For cleaning rugs, mats, felt hats and smaller articles, the solution—in a ratio of a teaspoonful to a pint of warm water—can be applied with a brush or sponge and wiped off with a clean cloth. Woollies and blankets should be immersed in a solution of *Mothmaster* and washed and rinsed in the usual way. They can be stored without any fear of their being attacked by moth.

* * *

As a tailpiece I should like to mention an item which is simple and inexpensive but amazingly useful. It is a transparent ironing cloth—in appearance just like a piece of slightly stiffened muslin—but having a special finish and being suitable for all fabrics. A cloth such as this, through which you can see the tucks, pleats or collar which you are ironing has obvious advantages over the piece of material which most of us use, and which has to be removed at frequent intervals so that you can see how the pressing is going on.

How Much It Costs And Where To Find It.

The *Siesta* Chair: £5 17s. 6d., plus 6s. 6d. carriage; (Sun canopy 29s. 6d.); from The London Weaving Centre, 62, Dean Street, Soho, W.1, or Messrs. Douglas Andrew Ltd., Dane John Old Monastery, Gordon Road, Canterbury.

Volatox fly-killer: 2s. 6d.; refills 1s. 8d. and 3s.; Selfridges.

Collapsible luncheon-box: 4s. 11d.; grape-fruit corer, 4s. 6d.

Modo inflatable coat-hanger: 2s. 11d.; Gamages.

Dylon *Mothmaster*: 3s. 6d.; Selfridges; Boots.

Clearvu Ironing Cloth: 1s. 6d.; Civil Service Stores.

Andy SAVES HANDS

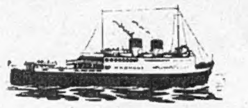
HANDS ARE OUT OF HARM'S WAY when inside these plastic-coated, long-life, fabric gloves. They're proofed against washing and chemical agents. Water, oil and grease-proof.

THESE ARE THE GLOVES YOU HAVE HEARD ABOUT

Women's: knit-wrist 6/6, gauntlet 6/11. Men's: knit-wrist 6/11, gauntlet 7/6. From all Ironmongers and Stores. Or direct, add 4d. per pair postage.

TEDSON THORNLEY & CO ROCHDALE

Andy Regd. PLASTIC GLOVES



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4. Smirnoff Vodka is made in this country according to the traditional recipe used by Pierre Smirnoff, purveyor of Vodka to the Imperial Court of Russia.

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"Roberta May", the winning cocktail at the U.K. Bartenders' World Cocktail Competition, was made with Smirnoff Vodka.

HERE IS THE RECIPE:
⅓ Smirnoff Vodka
⅓ Aurum (Italian Orange Liqueur)
⅓ Orange Squash (Schweppes)
A dash of white of egg

Try a MOSCOW MULE (1 part Smirnoff Vodka, juice of ¼ Lemon; add ice and fill up with Ginger Beer. Garnish with slice of Lemon and stir gently). Also a SMIRNOFF & TONIC (1 part Smirnoff Vodka poured over several ice cubes in a long glass. Fill up with Tonic Water and garnish with slice of Lemon).

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OBTAINABLE FROM ALL GOOD WINE MERCHANTS, CLUBS AND BARS

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The Schweppshire Way of Life

5. CARE OF THE ATHLETE AND INFIRM

If there is one thing more true than another of Schweppshire, it is that it is more so. Sport is an example, as it is most more so of all. It seems strange, in the fixed silence of the Schweppshire Stadium, to remember that in primitive paleaoschweppic times, hands were clapped and winners of races showed pleasure.

Intensive training has removed all irrelevancies. By the fifth generation, high-jumpers have acquired grasshopper thighs, tug-of-war specialists have grown backs with cantilever ribs and Forth Bridge vertebrae. The nineteenth generation of track experts have evolved nails in the soles of their feet: the "greyhound profile" is clearly demonstrated in the illustration. Twin hearts provide the increase up with which the bloodstream is souped, and there is a small group of specialist quarter milers the pulses on whose wrists are already changing, by classical evolutionary stages, into proto-stop-watches.

These advances have not been won without cost. Pentathlon competitors stand small chance of success unless they have developed pentathlete's heart, which means that when these athlons are not doing pent things at once, they cannot do anything at all.

However, bath chairs are provided to bring to the starting point sprinters who have lost the power of walking. The rest of their time athletes are kept in the darkness of minute cubicles. The light goes on every three hours when their meal of meal is brought to them on the conveyor belt. The notion that this life is unhappy must be wrong. It is easy to prove, by demonstrating that they have never known anything else, that nothing could be jollier.

Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Lewitt-Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

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